

business. Such an high class clothing from the demands of even wear resisting use. All the single and doublets, and "Regent" and tailored in the which has made popular.

Children's Design for the little he "rough and suits TO THE DESIGNS."

BROTHERS
44 Whitehall,

President.
Secretary and Treasurer.
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55-inch English Covert Cloth,
\$1.00 formerly.

Price 69c

60 pieces 46-inch Colored Serges,
strictly all wool, worth 65c.

Price 39c

67 pieces 54-inch all-wool French
and Scotch mixtures, easily worth
\$1.00.

Price 59c

48-inch French Suiting in all the
leading shades, worth \$1.00.

Price 60c

Basement tomorrow,
5,000 yards Outing
Flannels, worth 12 1-2c,
At 7c a yard

Special.

61 pieces all wool 38-inch colored
Storm Serges worth half dollar.

Price Monday 25c

21 pieces 54-inch Navy Storm
Serge, the \$1.00 quality,
Price tomorrow 69c

Voilen Mills,
Lands, Quarries,
new and sec-

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INTERVIEWING MEN.

How Railroad Men of High Rank Are Approached by Reporters.

SOME ARE HARD TO GET NEWS FROM

Mr. John H. Inman Is a Pleasant Man to Interviewers.

HE TALKS BY THE WATCH

President Samuel Spencer, of the Southern Railroad, is a Retired Talker—The Other Prominent Railroad Men Who Talk.

If it is true that railroad men of high rank are not easily interviewed by newspaper reporters, certainly it can be said in truth that they have such claims for excuse as renders it easy to forgive.

Railroad managers, as a rule, have very grave responsibilities resting upon their overburdened shoulders and nothing to them is so important as keeping their own councils. Surely it can safely be said that the manager of a great railroad in modern times is the business man of the period. There is no such business like it under the sun. There is no such responsibility placed upon mankind in this workaday world of ours.

The competition among the great trunk lines of the country is positively carried to a brutal extent. It has been said of railroad rivalry that there is not a line but has a knife up its sleeve for another. This sort of business-like spirit of antagonism has been as sacred in the hearts of every traffic solicitor of the road as the vendetta is dear to the Corsican's heart, and when a road has once "done another up" the victim never quite forgets it. It cannot be fully comprehended by the lay mind to what extent competition between railroads sometimes runs.

In this connection—simply as a passing thought—it may be of interest to consider that with such keen rivalry going on between and among the great railroads of the country the people are safe. If there is any stronger argument against the government ownership of railroads than this very fact, it does not appear clear under such considerations, since the populistic idea, if carried out, would completely annihilate competition of this kind.

Railroad officials of high authority have secrets—profound secrets—which, if given away, would greatly involve their interests and in many instances play serious damage to the properties under their guidance. It would be folly for them to step aside from the usual plan of business and idly gossip about their affairs and open to the schemes of the public gaze the many little schemes adroitly laid for the furtherance of their interests in the great bustling arena of active railroading.

Thus, it is to be forgiven if they sometimes close up like the proverbially silent oyster when the enterprising and eager newspaper reporter puts in his appearance and bubbles around like a badly-ruffled sting ray.

But, withal, it must be said that railroad officials would be far more communicative if the newspaper reporters would be less given to sensational stories in writing about the railroads. Too frequently it is found that a reporter gets a small, frail little bit of rumor on the streets and, without waiting for the verification or denial, scatters it broadcast as a wildly sensational bit of gossip for what it is worth. This puts the world on notice, and the men of idle talk results sometimes doing great damage to the road in question, when they are not doing nothing in the rumor to warrant the course pursued by the newspaper man. Of course, the head official of that railroad would feel exceedingly uneasy in conversation with the reporter who wrote the story when next he saw him and ever afterwards, and would be more than apt to grow dubious of the whole tribe of newspaper writers.

If the railroad official knows that what he tells a reporter will appear just as he told it, he has no reason that the reporter should not be told the meaning of this or that, and not pervert the facts in his report—then there is never any bad treatment on the part of the railroad man to the newspaper man.

Mr. John H. Inman's Way.

John H. Inman, millionaire and giant of the railroads of New York, is one of the most agreeable men in the world, and one of the easiest to interview. If he has anything to tell he will tell it with the suavity of a Chesterfield and the readiness of a half-fellow-well-meet.

The writer recalls his first interview with Mr. Inman. Thee reporter gave orders for the interview just twenty minutes before Mr. Inman was going to leave town. It took five minutes to get to him. The mission of the trip was explained.

"Well, I have fifteen minutes in which to catch a train," said Mr. Inman.

"Can you tell me what was asked."

"Yes," said the millionaire, "but talk fast. What is it you want to know."

With this the capitalist pulled his big gold watch from his pocket and held it in his hand, while he answered the questions about the game in volleys.

"Time was up."

But Mr. Inman, with perfect understanding of what he was talking about and with freedom and trust sufficient to make him well understood, had given a talk for the readers of the paper that filled two full columns next day, with plenty of "double lead," and in such a manner that it caused considerable comment.

Mr. Spencer Is Very Cautions.

Mr. Samuel Spencer has a free hand and a free heart for the reporter, but his mind holds pretty fast to what's in it. He tells all that can be told at the time with prudence, perhaps, but he could tell a lot more, sometimes if he were so inclined. In fact, he is not at all afraid to be easily led, and that he would tell it all if he did not seem to fear wrong conclusions might be drawn from the details if he dared go into them for the public eye.

Of course, a man with the responsibility of managing the greatest railroading system in the country, and, incidentally for the newspapers, not even loosely. He hasn't time to go into detailed explanations usually, for he has perhaps been the busiest man in America ever since he has undertaken the reorganization of the old bankrupt lines of railroads in the South, leading them to a new era of prosperity. His story caused considerable comment.

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STORY OF A LIFE

Which Brought Light and Grace to
Thousands of Dark Souls.

BOSCO'S CARE FOR CHILDREN.

He Gathered Them in from the Streets
and Byways.

LIFTING THEIR EYES TO GOD

And Thousands Bless the Name of
This Friend of Little Children.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR ATLANTA

A Number of Citizens Express Themselves
in Favor of the Immediate Establish-
ment of a Reformatory.

The taking care of God's poor is the
highest privilege of a Christian life.

It is but a duty of nature to take care of
one's own children. There is a recom-
pense in the affection of little souls, the
faint fluttering of whose infant wings is
music to the ear. There is a reward in
the recognition of work undertaken amid
the plodding of public opinion.

But to help those without friends, whose
condition in life renders them incapable of
recreational service, who are unimpeachable
in association and perhaps disengaged in man-
ner—go down and bring up the drags, the
moral mire, the physically crippled,
the mentally debased; to help whom
brings down the sneer of society or the
scattered indifference of morally Sunday
Christians—is to undertake a work the
only reward for which can come from Him
who, on earth, had no place upon

Such must be the spirit of those who
would lift up the outcast children hiding
in our alleys and finding shelter only in our
prisons, kicked or petted, as the case may
be, by criminals, whose only touch is pol-
lution.

ANSWERS TO THE APPEAL.
Several Citizens Give Their Views as
to a Reformatory.

Dr. Theodore Schumann, impressed with
the pressing necessity of doing something
for the lost children of Atlanta, has so-
licitated the views of a number of citizens.
From the answers I select some of the
most pertinent. Governor Norton presents
that part of his message to the legisla-
ture of 1883, as follows.

"If there is any principle or policy in our
system of government that authorizes or
requires the appropriation of money for
the intellectual and manual training of the
children of the state to prepare them for
citizenship, I am compelled to believe that
the same reasons demand similar care for
the moral reform of those children who,
because of neglect or vicious environments,
become a nuisance to the community and a
burden to the taxpaying of the state.

"A distinguished statesman has said: 'All
the vagabonds in the world begin in neg-
lected children.' If this statement be true,
it authorizes us to believe that all the
criminals in Georgia have come from an
abused childhood.

"Some place, other than the penitentiary
or county chancery, should be provided
for the incarceration of children and some
misdemeanor convicts. The disgrace of
confinement and the wicked influences
which surround the child in the penitentiary
prevent reformation. The object of
imprisonment should be reform as well as
retribution at home. The state owes
it to the child to give him a chance
in contact with circumstances that will tend
to soften, rather than make him more
obdurate and vicious. The state has an
interest in every child she rears. Every
good citizen made out of what was
material for vicious citizens is an im-
mense advantage to the state as a self-
governing body. The same thing is a self-
burden of the state as a social body.

"When it is considered that several hun-
dred such citizens can be made from such
a small number of children, the effect upon
the population of the state is easily seen. As
such citizens are products of wealth, the
money investment for their reformation
would be profitable to the state.

"The general assembly, in all of its ses-
sions, has given great consideration to the
question of law for the punishment of
crime, but we have never yet recorded
a law of practical value for the reformation
of a criminal.

"Without such influences our penitentiary
and county camps are but training schools
for crime.

"With 2,200 convicts in our penitentiary
and county camps we stand appalled at the
prospect of the deluge of crime to be turned
upon the state when the limited services
of the criminal expires.

"In the state prison there are 2,156 con-
victs confined. Of these, 870 are 18 years
of age, or below the age of eighteen. Of
these latter, 161 are below the age of sixteen;
eighty below the age of fifteen; forty
below the age of fourteen; twenty-seven
below the age of thirteen; fifteen below
the age of twelve; two below seven years old,
and one at the tender age of ten. Thirty-
five per cent of the convicts in the peni-
tentiary are below the age of twenty.

"Below the age of ten our law hardly
goes, and sometimes tolerates, if it does not
excuse, his crimes. The law of innocence
leaves him unresisted, and sometimes tolerates
him with criminals to a friend.

"The alarming increase in the kinds of
crime throughout the state demands a
thoughtful study of those whose duty it is
to guard the public well by suitable legis-
lation, not only for restraint, but for re-
form.

"If the state owes no duty to its children,
born and reared in poverty and want, it
owes, too, to society the best protection.
The best protection must be reached, not so
much through the punishment of the criminal,
as the prevention of crime.

"The last United States census
reports 2,200 criminals confined in the prisons of
the state. Georgia furnishes 5 per cent

of this number. The same census reports
15,000 young convicts reformatories for
convicted. Of the number our state does
not report one. Our young convicts are
thrust into chancery for criminal training,
and, subsequently, transferred to the
penitentiary for further development and
education in crime.

"It is for the general assembly to say
whether this stain shall longer remain upon
the state.

"The policy I am commanding for your
consideration is not an untried experiment.
For many years it has been a part of the
penal system of many of the states, with
good results to the peace and good order of
society, and an elevated standard of citizen-
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"The records of a majority of the leading
reformatories of the United States show
that more than 70 per cent of those turned
out from juvenile reformatories became
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SARGE PLUNKETT.

BAD BREAKS

often occur in some articles of jewelry. Watch spring snaps, stone slips out of its setting, ring cracks, or a thousand and one other little accidents happen. It's convenient to know just where you can get all these matters adjusted by skilled workmen, with expedition and at reasonable prices. Put our address in your pocketbook in case of need. J. P. Stevens & Bros., jewellers, 47 Whitehall street.

A WORD OF PRAISE FOR THE SOUTH AND ITS COTTON CROP.

COTTON IS KING AND THE SOUTH AHEAD

The "First Bait" Cheers the Farmer and Makes Happy Homes—A Day with the Circus Men—Their Troubles.

FOR THE CONSTITUTION.

The fields are white and the whir of the gin is heard in the land—money will soon be plenty and the farmers are smiling.

Cotton is money. No other crop so represents money as does cotton. This is the fascination in raising the staple. There is no having to run around to find a buyer when you drive into town with cotton. They will wait for you, hunt you up and follow you around to buy your cotton—when is this? When the cotton begins to grow in the cotton house for it is not every man who can have a ginhouse—the old man of the family begins to raise his head and step high, the children get a livelier move upon themselves and the good wife begins to think up a little list of what is to be bought with the first bale. And the old man, who has been away from the old man, when the first kick was struck at chopping time pretty pictures of what they were to have in the fall came to the children's minds, and these pictures have stimulated them all through the months, and now, as the realization draws so close the dance of happiness limbers the limbs and flowing merriment runs romping through the humblest homes. Red-top boots, a new wool hat, a single-barreled gun, a two-bladed knife—these are the sort of things that dash into the boy's mind by the impulsion of the first "lay" in the morning till weighing time in the evening. And the little girls are among the "pickers," too. Rainbows of ribbons fringe the ends of rows and make their little hands fly fast to reach the goal. Pretty pickers, too, with their bright hats, and pretty dolls are everywhere. These are the delights of the youthful southron as the old red hills begin to clothe themselves in white and proclaim to all the world that "I am the source, the parent of the king of kings—King Cotton."

I think that everybody must have noticed the small country boy as he drives into town, sitting with his feet hanging out at the end of the cotton bale. Just back of him, with their tails in the split of a hickory, there's more than apt to grin a "possum or two. A bag of walnuts lies up by the "possums, and a bow basket sits tied with a bow. The boy's mother, too, with a bag of walnuts will rattle some money in that boy's pocket before he leaves town, and in that bow basket is some of the sweetest pine bread, the brown fried chicken, cold ham, some little cakes and cold potatoes, with the syrup oozing from them—this is their provisions for the trip, fixed up and covered with a cloth. The boy's mother is thoughtful and kind mother. If they are to camp out at night you will see some fonder and corn in the wagon when the cotton is unloaded, and some fat lightwood is more than apt to be there, too, and certain you will see some good old-fashioned quilts for a bed.

If you will watch till that cotton is unloaded, the team driven in some out-of-the-way place and fed, the dog tied to the hind axle of the wagon and the wheel locked, you will see that father and son make a start to "do" the town. If the town should be a large one, the boy's mother will be in place to seek and Jake Johnson soon has "possum" on his bill of fare. It is not long after that till the boy is stepping high in a pair of red-top boots. If you will keep your eye on that boy you will see that he never takes one hand from his pocket. The more he walks the more his "possum" is clinched in that hand, and stumps as he may from having too many things to watch, he will cling to that money till it sweats under the grasp, and nothing but ammunition for the new gun he is soon to have could ever persuade him away. You would not look for him by going to the saloon with this father and son and see how carefully he unties his pocketbook and counts the money for his purchases; but I had much rather be with them as they drive up their home once more. This is the climax. Every child has been watching and waiting for the day of the return of its return. Many times even the good mother has gone out and taken a look up the road. The children have gone down the road and wait, restless and expectant. At last "they are coming," for the rattle of a wagon is heard away off. Every little heart beats with excitement and every nostril takes a deep breath. It happens to be some one else—"not our wagon"—and the waiting begins again. It comes, though—"our wagon" turns round the bend. No mistake this time; the blaze in the face of the old horse is plain, the little son is driving, and he who drives is the boy whose chin runs flying to meet him. All the hard work of summer are paid for in this one morning. All the luxuries of all the kings never brought a happier household. God bless the south! and God bless cotton! and God bless the youth who is brave enough to labor in the sweat of his brow.

Now on the work of the world must be the gathering in of the fruits of industry. Peas play almost as important a part in the matter of "picking" as does cotton. It is a smart farmer who has his farm well covered with peas, for they have cost him nothing in production. Gathering corn will be from the field—grain—grinding will enliven the nights between now and Christmas, and the children enjoy swimming on the coupling pole from the farm and have a fine time riding back when the corn is unloaded. The big yellow pumpkins are gathered with the corn and will sweeten for the pines of winter. If we try we can find many a delight in the life upon the farm, as could be found in any other calling, and cotton has a right to a prominent place in the list of delightful things.

We went to the circus last week and found that these showmen, whose business it is to make sport for the world, have their own little world of pleasure, too, and that for grubbing. It takes lots to run a show, and there are just as many chances for them to fall of success as there are for the farmer to fall in his crop. The item of beef for feeding the animals runs far ahead of what I would have expected. Everything else is in good order, and the clowns, even, have their moments of anchovy. We folks who are given to grubbing with farm life could find comfort in the investigation of troubles in other business, and there is no other class better able to impress you than those that all the time is in good order, and that all life has all the appearance of cheerfulness.

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DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1894.

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF PICCINO

BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

PART III.—CHAPTER I.—(Concluded.)
She was a person, who through all her life, had cultivated the habit of getting all she had a fancy for. If one cultivates the habit and has plenty of money there are not many things one cannot have. There are some, it is true, but not many. Lady Aileen had not found many. Just now she was rather more bored than usual. Before she left England something had occurred which had rather troubled her. In fact, she had come to the Riviera to forget it in change of surroundings. She had been to Monte Carlo and had found it too exciting, and not new enough, as she had been there often before. She had been to Nice and said it was too much like a seaside Paris, and that there were so many English people that walking down the Promenade des Anglais was like walking down Bond street. She had tried San Remo because it was quiet, and she had temporary fancy for being quiet, and then she had chance to meet some people she liked. So she had taken a snow white villa high above the sea and with palms and orange trees and slender yellow green bamboos in the garden. And she had invited her new acquaintances to dinner and afternoon tea, and had made up excursions. Still she was often bored and wanted some new trifles to amuse her. And actually, when she saw Piccino and Mr. Gordon suggested to her that she should buy him,

at seeing the grand lady who was so plainly one of the rich forestier, Rita and all her neighbors began to explain their wrongs at once. They praised the donkey and reviled Annibale, and proclaimed that old Beppo was a malefactor without a soul, and a robber of the widow and the fatherless.

"Far better," cried Rita, "that my children should be without a father. An idle, ugly brute, who takes their bread out of their poor mouths. To sell their one friend who keeps them—the donkey."

Old Beppo looked both sheepish and frightened when Lady Aileen turned upon him, as he was beginning to shuffle away with his property at the end of his rope halter.

"Stay where you are," she said.

"Illustrissima," mumbled Beppo. "A thousand excuses. But I have work to do, and the donkey is mine. I have bought it. It is my donkey, Illustrissima."

Lady Aileen knew Italy very well. She drew out her purse that he might see it in her hand before she turned away from him.

"Stay where you are," she said; "I shall have something to say to you later."

Then she turned to Rita.

"Stop making a noise," she said. "I want to talk to you."

What could the illustrious signora have to say to a wretched woman? Rita wept. All her children must starve, she must

a reasonable sum. But you will be foolish if you try to be extortionate. I want him—but not so much that I will be robbed."

"I should be a foolish woman if I tried to keep him," said Rita. "He will have nothing to eat tonight if he stays here—nor tomorrow—nor the day after, unless a miracle happens. The illustrious signora will give him a good home and will buy back the donkey and save us from starvation? I can come sometimes to the villa of the signora and see him?"

"Yes," said Lady Aileen practically. "And the servants will always give you a good meal and something to carry home with you. You can have him back at any time, if you want him."

She said this for two reasons. One was because she knew his mother was not likely to want him back because he would always be a source of small revenue. And then she herself was not a person of the affections, and if the woman made herself in the least tiresome she was not likely to feel it a grief to part with the child. She only wanted him to amuse her.

How it was all arranged Piccino did not know. As he stood by the donkey his mother and the neighbors, his father and Beppo and the illustrious lady all talked together. He knew they were talking of him, because he heard his own name, but he was too little to listen or care.

Maria listened to good purpose, however. She was wildly excited and exhilarated. Before the bargain was half concluded she slipped over to Piccino's side and tried to make him understand.

"The signora is going to buy back the donkey," she said, "and give us money besides, and you are going back in her beautiful carriage to San Remo, to live in her magnificent villa and be a signorina and have everything you want. You will be dressed like a king's son and have servants. You will be as rich as the forestier."

Piccino gave her a rather timid look. He was not a beloved nursery darling; he was only a pretty little animal, who was only noticed because he was another mouth to feed. He was not of half as much consequence as the donkey. But the dirty place where he ate and slept was his home and it gave him a queer feeling to think of tumbling about in a strange house.

But Maria was so delighted and pleased to think he had such luck, and everybody got up a sort of excitement about him, and he did not want the donkey to be sold and he was too young to realize that he could not come back as often as he liked.

And in the end, when the matter was actually settled, he found himself part of a sort of triumphal procession, which escorted him back to the place where the carriages were.

His mother and Maria and several of the neighbors walked quite proudly along the road with him, and even old Beppo followed at a distance, and the donkey, having been freed from the halter and taking an interest in her friends, loitered along also, cropping grass as she went.

Lady Aileen and Mr. Gordon had gone on before them. When they reached the place where the rest of the party was waiting, Lady Aileen explained the rather remarkable thing she had done, and did so with her usual direct coquetry.

"I have bought the child with the eyelashes," she said, "and I am going to take him back to San Remo on the box with the coachman. He is too dirty to come near us until he is washed."

She was a person whom nobody thought of questioning, because she never questioned herself. She simply did what it occurred to her to do, and felt her own wish quite enough reason. She did not care in the least whether people thought her extraordinary or not. That was their affair, and not hers.

"You have bought Piccino!" one of her friends exclaimed. "Does that mean you are going to adopt him?"

"I have not thought of it as seriously as that," said Lady Aileen. "I am going to take him home and have him thoroughly washed, however. When he is clean I will decide what I shall do next. The thing that interests me at present is that I am curious to see what he will look like when he has had a warm bath all over and has been puffed with violet powder and had his hair combed. I want to see it done. I wonder what he will think is happening? Nicholas will have to take care of him until I find him a nurse. Look at his relatives and friends escorting him in procession down the road! They have already begun to regard him with veneration.

She beckoned to one of the men servants.

"Greggs," she said, "you and Hepburn must put the child between you on the box. He is going back to San Remo with me. See that he does not fall off."

Greggs went to the coachman with a queer expression of the nostrils.

"We've got a nice bunch of narcissuses to carry back between us. Her ladyship says the boy is to go with us on the box."

"A nice go that is for two men that's a bit particular themselves," said the coachman. "Let's hope he won't give us both typhus fever."

And under these auspices Piccino went forth to his strange experience.

(To be Continued.)

Baseball Hints

Don't throw to base every time the runner leaves it; your pitching may need most of your strength.

Don't let poor support "rattle" you; if the other eight men go to pieces, there is all the more work for you to do.

Don't think that because you are a pitcher there is no need for you to be a good batsman; a little practice may make you both, and enhance your value to the team.

Don't wait for a slow grounder to reach you if you are an infielder, but run to meet it; stop just before it reaches you, so that

your body may not be in motion when making the play.

Don't wait for a runner to get as near the base as possible, and then make a "grand stand" throw; it is much better to field the ball promptly, and then the base-man can recover it in time if the throw is a little wild.

Don't throw the ball the instant it reaches you, but pause a moment to see if the other man is ready.

Don't throw underhand, or try any "circus tricks" during a match; these are very neat in practice, but out of place in a game.

Don't run in front of a fielder for a ball that is obviously his; you are undoubtedly a better player than he, but he is in charge of a certain territory.

Don't reach between your feet for a ball you have fumbled; turn around, and you will be in better position to throw.

Don't lose your temper when you fumble a fast ball; keep cool and throw it carefully, and you may save the error.

A Thanksgiving Story.

From Harper's Young People.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Gracie and her mamma went out to make some calls.

They were not exactly calls. Mrs. Miller was trying to collect money for a poor family, and Gracie was always pleased to be her mother's companion.

She listened very attentively to the story about the poor man who had been hurt by a fall. He would not have much of a Thanksgiving dinner unless kind people gave money enough to buy one for him.

In a short time money was given, and Gracie went with her mother to order the dinner. She longed to do something herself for the poor family, and as she listened to the order she heard nothing said about bread.

"Now, we always have bread at dinner," thought Gracie. "Mamma has forgotten it. I will buy it with my own money."

Gracie had 10 cents that she had saved to buy a doll's hat, and without telling any one what she meant to do, bought a loaf of bread and carried it to Vine street, where Mr. Jones lived. She was not quite sure of the house, but she knocked at the door of the poorest looking one, and a girl of her own age came to the door.

"I've brought you some bread," said Gracie, shyly. "My mamma sent the turkey and other things for your sick papa, but she forgot the bread, and I have brought it. 'Oh, thank you ever so much,'" said the little girl; "I haven't any papa or mamma either, and grandma has been too sick to get anything for tomorrow, but she will like this nice bread."

"Does Mr. Jones live here?" asked Gracie. "No; he lives on the corner. Oh, if this bread was for him we must not take it," and she handed it back to Gracie.

"Yes, you must keep it," said Gracie; "I bought it with my own money, and Mr. Jones has all the other things, you know."

When Gracie told her mother what she had done, Mrs. Miller went out again with a little basket full of good things for the little girl and her grandmother.

Gracie enjoyed her Thanksgiving doubly when she thought of the poor families on Vine street.

A Bear in a Barn.

There was great excitement at the farm of Mr. Gower Price, in Northumberland county, New Brunswick, one fine March morning; for, while pitching down hay to the hungry cattle Mr. Price had made a discovery the like of which had certainly never been known in the country side before. The mow was a big one, and the part he attacked that morning had not previously been disturbed, and there, right in the heart of the hay, curled up as snugly as possible, and sleeping the sleep begun at the beginning of the winter, lay a fine black bear.

To say that the worthy farmer was surprised would hardly do justice to his feelings. To the finding of rats and mice in his mows he was quite accustomed, and he knew how to deal with such unbidden guests. But a bear presented an altogether different problem, and not feeling equal to solving it unaided, he called in the assistance of his neighbors. The news of the wonder quickly spread, and soon the spacious barn was filled with eager visitors, who very gingerly approached the mow, and took a peep at this novel "sleeping beauty." Then, of course, they proceeded to advise Mr. Price.

Some said, "shoot him before he wakes up," others, of a more adventurous spirit, cried: "No; that's not sport. Set the dogs on him, and let us have some fun." But a shrewd old hunter, who knew the value of a live bear in the market, gave better counsel still. "He won't wake up for another fortnight," he said, "and before then I'll come over and tie him up with ropes, so that he can't hurt himself or any one else. Then we'll put him in a cage, and when he's in condition again he'll sell for a good sum."

And this was what Mr. Price said. When "Brer Bear," as Uncle Remus would call him, awoke out of his long nap, it was to find himself bound beyond all possibility of breaking free, and a couple of months later, looking his very best, after being well fed and cared for, he was taken to the United States, where, perhaps, at this moment he is one of the chief attractions of some menagerie.

"Papa," asked Johnny, "do you believe there is a real, sure enough devil?"

"I don't know, Johnny," said Mr. Billus. "I hope not. By the way, Maria," he continued, turning to Mrs. Billus, "when your cousin Phoebe comes to visit us this fall is she going to bring that boy of hers along?"

—Chicago Tribune.



"Far better," cried Rita, "that my children should be without a father." It occurred to her that she would try it. If she had chanced to come upon a tiny, pretty, rare monkey, or toy terrier, or an unheard of kind of parrot or cockatoo she would have tried the experiment of buying it, and Piccino, with his dirty, beautiful little face and his half inch eyelashes, did not seem much more serious to her. He would cost more money, of course, as she would have to provide for him in some way after he had grown too big to amuse her, but she had plenty of money, and she need not trouble herself about him. She need not see him if she did not wish to; after she had sent him to school, or to be trained into some superior kind of servant. Lady Aileen was not a person whose conscience disturbed her, and caused her to feel responsibilities. And so, after the party had been to explore Cerani and the things that otherwise interested them, she asked Mr. Gordon to go with her to the poor little tumble-down house which Maria had pointed out to her as the home of Piccino. Maria had, in fact, had a rich harvest. Everybody had returned full of good things, and Piccino's small pocket was rich with solid.

"I am going to carry out your suggestion," Lady Aileen said to Mr. Gordon. "Indeed," said Mr. Gordon. "You find you can always buy what you have a fancy for?"

"Nearly always," said Lady Aileen, knitting her handsome white forehead a little. "I have no doubt that I can buy this thing I have a fancy for."

It chanced that she came exactly at the right moment. As they approached the house they heard even louder cries and lamentations and railings than Piccino had heard in the morning.

It appeared that old Beppo had repented his leniency, and had come back for the donkey. He would not let it stay another night. He wanted to work it himself. He had brought his piece of rope and had fastened it to the pretty gray head already, while Piccino's mother, Rita, wept and gesticulated and poured forth maledictions. The neighbors had come back to sympathize with her, and find out what would happen, and the children had begun to cry and Annibale to swear, so that there was such a noise filling the air that if Lady Aileen had not been a cool and determined person she might have been alarmed.

But she was not. She did not wait for Mr. Gordon to command order, but walked straight into the midst of the altercation.

"What is the matter?" she demanded in Italian. "What is all this noise about?"

Then, after their first start of surprise

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SCHOOL TALK.

Last Friday afternoon closed the first month of the school year. On Monday the children will receive their report cards showing the degree of progress they have made during the month. These report cards will be signed by the parents of the children, in accordance with the rules prescribed by the board of education, and returned the following day. They not only show the pupil's proficiency in scholarship, but also his or her deportment and punctuality in attending school. In this way the parents of the children are able to see exactly what their boys and girls are doing, and if they are not satisfied with their report they have the privilege of co-operating with the teachers and of correcting the deficiency, as far as possible, by home instruction.

The lack of co-operation on the part of parents in this respect is one of the greatest difficulties with which the school has to contend. The average mother, when she starts her boy or girl off to school, thinks she is relieved of all responsibility and takes no pains to impress upon them the importance of study, leaving it all for the teacher to do. With fifty or sixty pupils under her charge it is simply impossible for any teacher to give a parent's attention to each child; and, in order to reap the full benefit of the public school system it is necessary for each parent to give to the teacher a hearty support and co-operation. An amusing contradiction frequently arises: If a child falls under the teacher's disapprobation and the switch is called into exercise the parent of the child is more than apt to run to the board of education with a long story of brutal treatment and savage hostility towards her boy; and yet, if the pupil makes no headway in his class, because of an utter lack of home instruction, the teacher is blamed for the deficiency and must shoulder the burden of the parent's guilt and shortcomings.

The methods of grading a pupil's stand in the class differ in the several schools and colleges throughout the country. In many schools the letters of the alphabet are used to designate the child's standing, the first letter denoting the highest grade of excellence. In other schools the scale of marking ranges from 1 to 10. At the University of Georgia each student is marked according to the usual scale, but he never knows his exact percentage or relative class standing until the close of the year. He can only approximate it by the monthly reports which are sent to his parents, and these are frequently vague and indefinite. For example, if his grading in between 90 and 100, his mark on the monthly report is excellent; if between 75 and 90, good; if between 50 and 75, fair; and if under 50, moderate. In other schools and colleges, where the exact standing of the pupil is not given, semi-annual reports approximating the student's class stand are issued to the parents. The best system is the one adopted in the public schools of giving the exact percentage each month. The system is rendered still more efficient by reason of the fact that written examinations are held one month and oral examinations the next month. It frequently happens that a child who is thorough in the oral recitation of a lesson falls behind when it comes to a written examination, and others write much better than they can recite orally; so, putting the two together the system is absolutely fair and as nearly perfect as any system can be which undertakes to grade the mental progress of a child.

Miss Fannie Turner, one of the pupils in the Williams street school, writes the following communication:

"I think Williams street school is the best in the city. Its corps of teachers is unsurpassed. New desks are being put into the different rooms and these will improve the condition of the school very much. We now have a piano by which the children march in and out of school at recess. Several of the scholars, under the leadership of one of the teachers, are forming a literary society which we hope will prove a very interesting feature of the school. The pupils enjoy many pleasures at recess, as the yard is ample for out-door games, and the large basement gives plenty of room for in-door amusements."

The pupils of Calhoun street school contend that no other school in the city is equal to Calhoun. As a matter of fact, the school is one of the very best in Atlanta and the pupils belong to the best families in the city; but when it comes to a final test it is found that good boys and girls attend each of the schools and that bad ones are found in all of them. Fraser street school last year made the best record of any school in the city for attendance and punctuality.

The pupils of the Boulevard school will be again demoralized next month when Barnum & Bailey's circus pitches its big tent across the field in plain, open view of the school building. On account of the reputation of the circus and the vast extent of its zoological attractions the schools of the city will be largely emptied of their pupils and the Boulevard school in particular will be deserted on that day.

The present school session closes on the Friday afternoon immediately preceding Christmas holidays. The only holiday before that time will be on Thanksgiving day, at which time the traditional turkey will be carved.

CHILDREN IN THE CHAINGANG.

An Effort Is Being Made to Start a Reformatory School.

The jail or the chaingang is no place for a boy, however willfully he may have disobeyed the law of the land.

Instead of making him a better boy it only surrounds him with a hurtful influence and tends to make him a deeper-dyed criminal. There should be a tenderness about the law to soften its severity, and its mission should not only be to punish but to redeem.

To this end a movement is now on foot to establish a reformatory school in Atlanta. It proposes to put a stop to this indiscriminate way of sending children to the chain-gang or putting them to work on the public road, by the side of a burly negro or chain-

ed, as it frequently happens, to the limbs of a hardened and confirmed criminal. There is no sight in the world that is more revolting than such a spectacle and the duty of humane and Christian lawmakers is to establish a reformatory prison and rescue these brands from the burning before they are lost forever among the ashes and charred remains of the conflagration.

A reformatory school not only punishes a boy for doing wrong, but it teaches him to do right. It takes him out of the foul and contaminating atmosphere of crime and surrounds him with good, pure influences. In this way it saves the state a vast amount of money, for hundreds of dollars are spent daily in the trial of criminals and lawbreakers; and not only this, but it gives to the state the example of a high-toned and useful citizen and thus pays back into its treasury an equivalent for every dollar expended.

A strong effort is being made by the good people of Atlanta to establish a school of this kind, either in this city or at some other place in Georgia. It makes no special difference where the school is located, for the site is unimportant when referred to the urgent and clearly demonstrated need of such an institution. The matter will come, in its proper form, before the next session of the legislature and the subject in all its bearings will be fully treated by that body.

The need of such a school grows out of the fact that many boys have no mothers to look after them, or that poverty forces them out too early into the scrambles and pitfalls of the world. In other cases the cause is found in the frightful neglect of children by parents in their home training.

NEARLY EVERY SEAT TAKEN.

The Public Schools of the City Are Rapidly Filling Up.

Nearly every seat in the public schools of the city is now occupied and by Christmas there will not be a single vacancy.

At Walker street school there are 112 pupils seated. This is the largest school in the city. At the Girls' High school 473 pupils are enrolled.

The total number of pupils attending the public schools, including both white and colored, is 8,681. In addition to these there are 1,109 applicants who have not yet been seated.

The following table, submitted by Superintendent W. F. Slaton to the last meeting of the board of education, contains a number of figures that will be of interest to both parents and children:

Schools.	No. Seats	No. Pupils in School.	Seated.
Boys' High school.	221	189	
Girls' High school.	227	473	
Ivy.	450	371	
Crew.	450	443	
Walker.	826	712	
Marietta.	450	368	
Fair.	450	431	
Calhoun.	450	390	
Ira.	450	390	
Davis.	289	244	
Boulevard.	450	396	
State.	440	357	
Fraser.	400	334	
Edgewood.	460	410	
Formwalt.	462	374	
Williams.	343	312	
West End.	450	315	
Night school.	110	108	
Total white.	7,628	6,716	
Summer Hill.	453	437	
Houston.	450	431	
Mitchell.	442	428	
Gray.	444	449	
Roach.	211	213	
Total colored.	2,000	1,965	
Total white and colored.	9,628	8,681	

The plans of the Boys' High school building, recently selected by the building committee, have been approved by the board of education. The erection of the school, however, will be deferred for several weeks on account of the scarcity of funds in the treasury.

The lot on which the school will be erected is on the corner of Gilmer and Ivy streets, not far from the present location. It is centrally situated and is easily reached from all points of the city. The building of the school will not be postponed longer than the 1st of next May.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

Mrs. Black Is Trying to Get the Public Schools Interested.

Nearly every child in the city knows that an effort is being made to establish a children's ward in connection with the Grady hospital.

In this ward the children of the city, and especially those of poor parents, may be carried in the event of sickness and treated by the skillful doctors who are daily in attendance at the hospital. This ward is very greatly needed and the ladies are making an earnest effort to raise enough money to put their plans into operation.

Mrs. Nellie P. Black, a member of the ladies' board, who has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of poor children, is one of the moving spirits in the enterprise. Mrs. Black desires to get the children of the public schools interested in the movement and to this end she applied to the board of education last Thursday evening for permission to visit the schools of the city.

She explained in her communication to the board that since the proposed addition to the hospital was to be a children's ward, she desired the assistance and co-operation of all the public school children in Atlanta. The desired permission was very readily granted by the board of education.

Mrs. Black will lose no time in bringing the matter before the children.

The name of every child who contributes to the fund will be lettered in gold and placed on a large tablet in the children's ward.

No man was more devoted to little children than Mr. Grady. His love for them was stronger than a mere fancy. It was a passion. He loved to be in their company and could always keep them laughing. The addition of this ward to the Grady hospital will be a fitting tribute to the memory of the great and good man in whose honor the institution is named.

High School Notes.

On last Wednesday immediately after dismissal of school, all pupils interested in football repaired to Professor Slaton's room, where a meeting was held for the purpose

of deciding whether the school should put out a team, and if so, to elect a manager.

On motion, Professor Charles W. Ottley took the floor. He made a few remarks for and against a team and the question was put to a vote. It was unanimously decided to organize a team. Professor Ottley was chosen manager, but as he is going to coach and train the team, he appointed Walter C. Barnwell as his assistant, who will manage under his instructions. Another meeting will be held soon and colors chosen. Last year's colors were black and gold. A pretty and attractive color for this year would be crimson and white.

Trials for team positions may occur next week. There is good material in the high school, and the team promises to be a rating good one.

Mention has frequently been made of the attendance of the senior class. Three one-hundredths out of a possible four for the first month! Only two absences during the month! The average will be about 99.9 per week.

Friday lunches continue to be given at the Young Men's Christian Association by the Boys' High school branch. Much spiritual and physical good is being done by the association.

There are many applicants for seats in the Boys' High school. A new member will enter the senior class on Monday. Several have entered the lower grades.

The boys of the third grade have become disgusted with the freshmen. They will never venture from their domains. The seniors now console themselves by playing hand ball.

Order at the Boys' High school is very near perfect. Professor W. M. Slaton rules kindly and gently—yet he is firm. The boys generally regard him as a friend, and he does everything in his power for their comfort, welfare and advancement.

WALTER C. BARNWELL

The Greatest Show on Earth.

There have been many so-called "greatest shows on earth," but I am sure you will all admit that none of them were anywhere near so strange and remarkable as the show I shall tell you about. Not long ago, Alice, the big, handsome mother lion at the New York zoo, was very happy because there were three little yellow cubs rolling about upon the floor of her cage. Alice washed their faces every morning, played with them all day long, and growled fiercely if any one came near.

She was constantly in fear that the keepers were about to take away her cubs and one day she killed two of them rather than have them stolen from her. The keepers had



"Boo hoo! boo hoo! Don't you remember your baby Billy, Mother?"

not intended to take them, but when they saw what she had done, they quickly drew the third cub from the cage and saved its life. This cub was at once given to Daisy, a very gentle, motherly dog. Daisy was such a kind-hearted dog that she could not even look at you without nearly wagging her tail off.

She had four puppies so round, and sleepy and fat that they could hardly waddle and fall down and bump their cold little noses every time they tried to walk. Daisy was very proud of them and one morning she nearly wagged her tail into a bowknot she was so surprised and happy to find five puppies instead of four cuddled up beside her.

The new puppy was big and yellow and looked like a large kitten, but as you have already guessed, it was not a puppy at all. It was the little cub lion. The mother dog did not know this, but if she had known, she would not have cared. She simply gave the cub a kiss on the nose and said:

"Hello, doggie! who are you?"

And when the cub replied that it did not know its name and did not know anything else, in fact, except that it was very hungry, the mother dog said:

"Come on then, doggie. There is always room for one more. You may be my baby, too." With these words she hugged the cub to her and cuddled between two of the fat puppies at her side and from that day the mother dog loved it as much as she did her own children.

One after another the puppies were taken away from their mother until finally the cub lion was the only child she had left. They were a funny looking pair, for the cub was larger than its dog mother, and had a big head covered with a long, bushy, yellow pompadour. They had great fun together, however, and the dog nearly cried her eyes out one day when a man picked the cub up by the back of the neck and carried it away.

For days afterward the lonely dog wandered about the zoo looking for the cub, but the cages were so high she could not look into them all, and she finally abandoned the search in despair. Her master was not good to her, and frequently whipped her, and she was very unhappy. One day when the cruel man was beating her, she ran into the lion house. The man pursued her, struck her again with a strap and was about to continue punishing her when a great lion roared with rage at the cruel sight, broke one of the bars of his cage

and leaped at the man, who ran for dear life, leaving his coat tails between the lion's paws. Daisy expected to be eaten at once, but to her surprise the big lion began to weep.

"Boo hoo! boo hoo! Don't you remember your Baby Billy, mother?" it roared, wiping the tears from its eyes with a coat tail.

"Bow! wow! Is it you, dear Billy?" barked Daisy, joyfully. It seemed incredible that the cub had become such a great pompadour-haired lion, but such was the case, and the little mother dog and the big baby lion were soon hugging one another with joy.

"We must run away at once," said the lion, "or that man may come back after his coat tails, and then I shall be obliged to eat him, although I do not wish to eat all, because he looks lean and tough and full of bones. Come with me. I'm going away off to the African jungles my real mother came from, and we will travel so far that we can come back and tell bigger stories about the insides of Africa than Mr. Stanley.

"I've thought of the greatest scheme, and you may be my partner. You know how millions of people here visit the zoo and circuses to see the lions and elephants and bears? Well, there are millions of elephants and lions and other animals in Africa that have never seen men and women, and that would give just as much to see a rare collection of them in cages as people here now give to see animals.

"Just think how crazy a herd of elephants would be if they could see a real Chinaman, or a white man, or a negro in a cage and buy a pint of fresh roasted peanuts and a glass of pink lemonade for 10 cents! Why, every one of them would break open his savings bank and buy peanuts and lemonade until there would not be a two-cent piece left in the whole herd, unless there was a hole in it.

"Just think, too, how a lion's mouth would water if he could see a nice, fat Jersey cow or a round fat white man in a cage! There's a fortune in it. We'll organize the greatest show on earth at Cape Town, Africa, and then go inland. Come on, I've a pocketful of money. A naughty monkey stole it the other day, and I made him give it to me. I never could find the owner, and here it is."

Daisy was as delighted with the circus idea as Billy and they ran out of the lion house, concealed themselves in the hold of a steamer and soon landed in Africa. They bought several dozen cages at Cape Town, hired a Chinaman with a pigtail six feet long, an Italian with gold rings in his ears, a fat white man who weighed 500 pounds, a thin white man who had been the "living skeleton" in a Bowery, New York, museum, a negro as black as coal, a bow-legged Turk and a dozen more of the strangest looking people they could find. Cage after cage was filled with all the curious people they could discover in Cape Town.

Then, after buying tons of peanuts, gum and stick candy and hogheads of pink lemonade, they hired a band and started for the jungles. The lion employed other lions to advertise the circus everywhere, and it was not long before nearly all the animals in Africa were singing:

The visit of Mr. Keene and his wife to the

THE CONSTITUTION, JR

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., September 30, 1894.

The Prize Contest.

The contest for the prize of \$5 offered for the best suggestion for the contest for the watch that The Junior will offer, closed last night. Owing to the many suggestions which came in it was impossible to read them all and decide the winner in time to announce in The Junior of this week. The announcement will, therefore, be made in The Junior next Sunday, and with it will be given all the rules governing the contest, the time at which it will close and so forth.

There are a multitude of suggestions in, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. A hasty glance through the pile of letters shows how much interest the readers of The Junior are taking in the matter, and all those who do not win the \$5 prize can content themselves by trying for the watch. The contest will be one in which all the boys and girls can compete, and one which will interest every boy and girl who reads The Junior.

SOPHY'S CREMATION.

I know children like to read true stories, and I have one to tell you that really did happen.

Helen B. was a little girl just six years old and lived away down in middle Georgia. She had everything to make a little girl happy—a kind father, a loving mother and the dearest little baby brother in the world. Santa Claus had been very kind and had brought her many pretty toys and dolls.

When she was just one year old her aunt gave her, as a birthday present, a "mammy" doll; it was made of brown cloth and had black woolly hair, over which was tied a white handkerchief, just like the one Helen's own old black mammy wore. It had on a long, white apron, too, and looked as much like a mammy as a doll could. You will think it strange that with all her pretty dolls—a fine French doll with long flaxen curls and beautiful blue eyes, dolls with bisque heads, dolls with china heads and many others with no heads at all—that this little girl should love best of all her old Sophy, but so she did and never a night would she go to sleep without Sophy in her arms.

On one occasion, when bed time came, old Sophy could not be found and Helen had to go to bed without her. After awhile her mother heard her sobbing in her little bed and went to see what was the matter, when the little girl burst out crying and said: "Oh, mother, I cannot go to sleep without Sophy." A thorough search was made and when the doll was found the dear little child hugged it to her bosom and in two minutes was fast asleep.

Every Christmas the old doll took on a new skin until Helen's mother said she could be peeled like an onion. Just about this time her appearance was anything but bewitching. Helen had kissed her until her nose had entirely disappeared and the cotton stuffing was bursting out in various places, which gave her a rather queer figure, and altogether everybody but Helen thought she was the ugliest doll that human ingenuity had ever devised.

Now comes the sad part of my story which tells of Sophy's tragic death. Helen's dear mother was an invalid and one morning she was lying on a lounge in her room trying to have a little rest after a sleepless night. Grandmother was in the kitchen making a cake and Helen, as little girls will do sometimes, kept getting in the old lady's way, until at last Tom, the man servant, said: "Helen, I'm going to put you out of the way," and lifting her in his arms he took her to the nursery and shut the door on her. Just then such a shriek resounded through the house as had never been heard there before. The poor sick mother was awakened from her sleep in great fright and all the household came running in to see what could be the matter. Helen rushed to her mother crying, "Oh, mother, Sophy is on fire!" and sure enough, there was the poor old doll sitting bolt upright with her back against the grate and the flames curling high above her head.

How Sophy came to be in this dangerous position, unless the little baby brother had thrown her there, nobody could ever guess, for she was not like some little girls I know who are so naughty as to play in the fire when their mothers are out of the room.

Poor little Helen was heart-broken at the loss of her favorite doll, and it was a long time before she could be comforted. At last her mother consoled her by telling her she could have a grand funeral and plant flowers on Sophy's grave, a privilege which seemed to compensate Helen for her loss. But alas! when she went to prepare Sophy's body for the funeral she found literally nothing but the ashes of her beloved old doll remaining.

The grandmother was a very practical old lady, and instead of rescuing Sophy from the flames, had ordered her half-cremated body to be thrown into the grate, so as not to fill the house with the odor of burning cotton. Every one around had an inkling that grandmother was only too glad to be rid of her. Thus Sophy was cremated and little Helen could not even have the pleasure of a doll's funeral.

—Frances Carruth.

A BOYS' FREE LIBRARY,

One of the Very Finest Institutions in the Country.

New York, September 14.—What a novel idea that is! A library devoted exclusively to boys! "Now," remarks a lad, "that's what I have often wished for. If I could get the kind of books I like, then you wouldn't see me loafing 'round the corners."

As a rule, the city boy will have a better knowledge of current events than the boy brought up in the country. But the latter having fewer things to direct his mind, will employ his leisure time in reading and thus acquire the better general knowledge. Free libraries have served a good purpose by giving all classes an opportunity for coming in contact with the best literature.

A short time ago the writer visited one of the libraries in New York city. Although it is called a library, it is rather a club in which the books are the main feature. This library is supported by a large nonsectarian society, and is free to any boy in the city. All that is necessary to join it, is to have a letter of recommendation from parents or employer. Then the boy receives a card which entitles him to all the privileges of the library, which are by no means confined to taking out books. There are two large, airy and well-lighted rooms in use, open from 7 o'clock p. m. to 9:30 o'clock p. m. One is used by two societies for their meetings. These societies are composed of older and younger boys. Each holds one meeting a week, and the session is carried on in parliamentary style, the time being devoted to debates, essays and discussion of current topics. It is true there are some exceedingly fresh and unique views expressed oftentimes but the mere act of expressing them is a good training.

The other room contains the books, reading desks, with current periodicals, together with dozen or more tables for playing games. Every boy who desires to "get out a game," receives a check from the doorkeeper, which he presents to the boy who keeps the games, and if it is not in use, he can use it as long as he wants to.

The scene presented here with a hundred boys engaged in reading, drawing, playing games with an occasional disagreement ending in an energetic set-to, is at least, not monotonous. It might be mentioned that no cards or dice are allowed, and if any boy is caught gambling, he is immediately dismissed. Among the favorite are chess, checkers, dominoes, crocine and jack straw. While the superintendent was explaining various points to me, there was a loud yell in the far corner, where a number were engaged in playing the latter game, followed by a lively melee, out of which there finally emerged a boy considerably hors de combat who protested that "they were hittin' him." The superintendent repaired to the scene of the conflict, and with great tact picked out the disturbing character and escorted him to the door. "You will stay out one week," he said on leaving him.

"That," he remarked to me, "is the greatest punishment I can inflict on them. It is rarely that they offend twice. In ten years we only expelled one boy permanently."

The great majority of the boys belong to the working class. But there is a generous sprinkling of the very lowest element and an occasional habitue, whose dress indicates him as one of the better class. But they are all treated alike here. It is interesting to notice what books are in the greatest demand. The record shows that Knox's series of "Boy Travelers" are in use twice as much as any other books. "Yes," said the superintendent, "they are illustrated, but it is not that which draws them. They should be interested in all accounts of travel, if they are written in an attractive manner." Next to these in popular favor come the books of Optic and Castleman. The "Rough and Ready" series is always in demand, and the volume which describes "Rough and Ready" as a boathouse, is so beheaded that one can scarcely make out the print. History they do not seem passionately fond of; yet Thayer's history of the rebellion is generally in use. Dickens' works are very popular, especially "Oliver Twist," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "David Copperfield." Last December 5,514 volumes were taken out and the highest number taken in one night of that month was 463.

Saturday night is looked forward by every boy as the acme of pleasure. On this night there is always some special entertainment, either a stereoptican lecture, a musical or an instructive talk on travel, astronomy, chemistry or some other science. These are made so entertaining that no boy will willingly miss them. There is also a savings bank connected with the library, and almost every boy has some money to his credit. The total result of such an institution can readily be surmised. Hundreds of boys are recovered from a life of indolence and crime and equipped with an education which they would have gotten in no other way. Dozens of such cases are recorded. Four years ago a boy was found near the East river, who, being homeless, friendless and penniless, was on the point of committing suicide. He was given the position of janitor at the library. He applied himself diligently, learning to read and making good use of this knowledge. Later on he took a course in a business school and today is cashier in one of the largest banks in New York city. If any one, who is philanthropically inclined, desires to do something for the betterment of humanity, there is probably no way in which he can better employ his means than by establishing a boys' free library.

L. Sangree.

Reads at Two Years.

The Westminster Gazette tells about an infant prodigy, the two-year-old son of a butcher at Brunswick, England, who can read with perfect ease anything printed in Roman or German characters. A few weeks ago three physicians of Brunswick had the child before them at the house of one of the gentlemen. The first thing the little one did when brought into the consulting room was to stand on his toes at the table, reading out from the books that were lying about. All that could be ascertained as to why and wherefore of this uncanny accom-

plishment is that when the baby was eighteen months old and his grandmother took him out he always immediately caught sight of the inscriptions over shops and asked about them as only a small child can ask till he had fathomed the meaning of the letters. It was the same at home; books and newspapers had greater fascinations than lollipops and toys, and whatever the parents playfully told him he remembered, with the result that at the age of two years he reads with perfect ease. Apart from his accomplishment in reading the boy's development is only normal.

OWNING DOGS.

How to Raise a Healthy, Happy Puppy.

Hamerton says, "I thank Divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life."

There are two sides to owning a dog. The dog's duty to his mistress, and the mistress's duty to her dog. The dog's part is, with few exceptions, faithfully, generously, nobly done.

But the other side is very different. Carelessness and cruelty are common, and even among people who really love their dogs there is neglect of many things, simple in themselves, that is the cause of much needless suffering, and a great deal of cruelty.

If you don't care enough about a dog to take a little trouble for him, don't keep one.

If you do, then get as good a one as you can afford. And get him young. To be sure it saves trouble to buy a full grown dog, but he will not be likely, at least for some time, to care for you as much as one you have trained yourself.

Get the kind of dog that suits your condition in life.

Don't shut a St. Bernard or a greyhound or a wild Irish setter in a little city plot; don't take up with a silly pug if you can have a clever terrier.

I say buy the best you can afford. Do not believe people who talk of the superior intelligence of mongrels. There are good mongrels, sometimes, but in choosing a dog for better, for worse, it is well to get one who is a pleasure and a pride. He may have the beautiful ugliness of the bulldog, or the elegant beauty of the setter, perhaps on the whole there is no dog so beautiful as a good setter, or the wiry grace of the terrier, but he must be good of his kind.

Suppose, then, that you get a pup about two months old. You will probably have to nurse him through distemper, but he will love you all the better for that.

Food—About this opinions are as various as the people who hold them. One dog man gives his dog milk and another regards milk as rank poison. One swears by dog biscuit and another considers them trash, but the fact remains that many a delicate dog keeps well on biscuit, who cannot eat ordinary food, and they are certainly very convenient.

If you give your puppy milk, always add to it a spoonful of lime water, and put lime water into all the water that he drinks. You will soon learn that worms are the great curse of puppy existence. If you can keep your pup clear of worms he will have a good chance for his life, but let them once get hold of him and hard and doubtful will be the struggle. Lime water in his food is a great preventive.

A pup must be fed often, certainly three times a day; must not be allowed to over eat himself, and should be watched to see if his food suits him.

He must eat no candy, another dog curse, nor sweets of any kind, nor fats. He may have a big bone with next to nothing on it, to amuse himself and cut his teeth on, but no small bones that he can chew up and swallow. He may have a saucer of bread and milk. His bread should be soaked in water and squeezed dry. This removes the yeast, which is injurious. He should have no meat at present, but he can have a little soup or gravy on his bread, and dog biscuit.

Food can be prepared in this way: Get a sheep's liver and boil till tender; take it out and add to the broth enough Indian meal, Italian polenta is best (some use oat meal or graham); boil until thoroughly done, chop the liver fine and stir in. When cold it should be quite stiff. Vegetables, beets or onions may be added.

Avoid fat like the plague, and veal is very bad. Dogs, like people, have peculiarities and cannot all be treated alike. A slice of meat that will make no impression on one will cause another to have fits. And then again food depends very largely on the amount of exercise taken.

We must always have fresh, clean water at hand.

A place to live. This also is largely an individual matter. The happiest and healthiest pups are not reared in satin-lined baskets in hot rooms. Neither are they subjected to cold and exposure. One extreme is as bad as the other. A little King Charles needs more warmth than a little setter. That's true, but if the little setter stays out in a freezing cold kennel his growth will be checked, and he will not be the dog he might have been.

My dog's kennel was a wooden box open at one side, but with a board about six inches wide nailed across at the bottom; plenty of soft hay inside and a piece of carpet hanging from the top like a curtain. In that he was warm and cozy on the coldest night, in a room without a fire.

If you keep your dog in a kennel out of doors you must see that in summer it stands in the shade, and in cold and damp weather there should always be plenty of hay inside. A bed of old rags or carpet is no use—the poor dog can only lie shivering on top of it. A kennel should always be raised from the ground by pieces of scantling nailed to the bottom, otherwise it will be damp. It should have a piece of carpet nailed so as to hang over the door in cold weather to keep out rain and snow. Many a dog suffers tortures from rheumatism and kennel lameness that these simple things—hay, a bit of board and a scrap of old carpet would have kept in health and happiness. It is hard to be so dependent upon selfish people, sleeping comfortably in their warm beds while the poor old dog shivers in his cold kennel, the rain and snow beating in upon him.

Ellen Oakford.

ROMANTIC BOYHOODS.

Bonnie Prince Charley.

This was the name given to Charles II of England, third of the Stuart kings, who reigned over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

The eldest son of an English king is always christened and called the prince of Wales, as the present successor to Queen Victoria is now known. But so full of frolic, so light-hearted and so good looking was this young prince that he was everywhere known as "Bonnie Prince Charley."

Troubles came early in life to the young prince—the kingdom was in a turmoil over church troubles, and, as Charley's mother was a French Catholic, she was exiled into Paris, where she lived with her young nephew, Louis XIV.

The prince himself was put into the care of a man in the country and grew up with his brothers in the full enjoyment of country life. None of the usual court restrictions were about him. He learned to swim and shoot and hunt like any English squire's son, and his rough life stood him in good stead in later days, when he needed all his muscles to help him.

But the mother, who was called Queen Henrietta, was pining to see him in Paris, and he was sent there to her. He was then about fourteen, and the glitter and polish of the French court dazed him. He was not used to all this elegance and ceremony, where the little king, who was afterwards to be called "the grand monarch," was beginning to practice all his etiquette and extravagance. Charley was used to plain clothes, that he might play tennis or race through the forests, to eat with the huntsmen and help cook the food, but here in the French court he had to wear velvet and satin, big hats and waving plumes, silk stockings and gold buckles. He liked it all until he heard that his father, Charles I, had been beheaded at the Tower in London—then he knew that he—Bonnie Prince Charley—was no longer a little exiled lad, but the king of four countries—greater than his young host and cousin, the king of France.

But how could he proclaim himself king?

The country was in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, who represented the Calvinistic church, a man who insisted that there was "no divine right of kings," and that the country should be governed by two parliaments—just as it is today. Charley had no money to raise armies; his cousin could not help him, for that would put the two countries at war, and when men are kings they have to remember their country first of all. The only relief was to go to Scotland by way of Holland, so the English couldn't catch him, and beg the men who were true to the Stuarts to follow him from their country into England. The Scots did this willingly, and Prince Charley passed Cromwell, who was in Scotland, and worked his way into the heart of England. Many of the nobility there were loyal to their king and joined his army. But Cromwell came down upon him with hundreds of men at a little town called Worcester. Here he routed and killed nearly all of Charley's men, and the young fellow had to take refuge at a house near by. In this house there were many secret places, where they hid him at night, but when Cromwell's soldiers were looking for him in the day Prince Charley had to lie down in the fields in a dirty suit of clothes, with his face all stained, so they wouldn't know him, for these soldiers knew all the secret closets in the house, and had he been there in the daytime they would have captured and beaten him. This house was called the "White Lady," because it used to be a nunnery where the nuns wore a white habit.

One morning he tried to escape from the country in the disguise of a peasant, and another young lad, Richard Penderill, went with him to show him the way. They came to a miller's first, and the miller cried out: "Who goes there?"

"Neighbors," answered Richard. "Then, if ye are neighbors, stop," said the miller. But they knew that he was in league with Cromwell, so they ran as hard as they could. On through crooked lanes, falling over stones for it was pitch dark—they flew, until they came to a stream. Richard couldn't swim, so Charley had to swim across with him saving them both.

But the flight was of no good. The roads were guarded at every turn, and every one full of suspicion. The boys had to turn back, swim the stream, creep past the miller's and get back to "White Ladies."

The army was all about her, and the friends of the young king were distressed to know what to do. The first night he returned he had to hide in the boughs of an oak tree all night. One of his father's noblemen, who loved the handsome, bonnie young prince, sat there with him, holding him in his arms and keeping him from falling out, for he was very weak. This tree has been for years one of the sights of England. It is called the royal oak of Boscobel, and all of the poets have sung its fame.

Prince Charley at last escaped to France, disguised as a man servant to a lady who was traveling, and he had to eat with the servants, and be on jolly good terms with the blacksmith and hostler for fear of being discovered.

Ten years he was exiled in France, but at last his throne was given him. He was only a young man then. He married a Spanish princess, and was so good-natured that when people didn't use his old name, they called him "the merry monarch."

Claire Claxton.

A Boy Wanted.

A boy for office work; no whistler need apply;

I've had as much of that thing as ever I mean to try.

I've had my fill of "Comrades," and also, in its day,

<p

in the metro-
politan news
had as much news
as Mrs. Abbott, and, despite
sensational Miss Bill to
come out of it we
through trickery. The
matter is that Miss Bill
if she does possess
greater wonder if she
of her and she is a
attention as Luisa Lura
days.

There were two girls
last week of the
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ment of the much
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Keimann, Mrs. Coglian, his
chapter in an affair which
has not been turned a
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case to have her
to gain notoriety for
bridge was too big for
girl to have been seduced
wonderfully talented, as
already attracted the
world. There was no
such advertising it
was nothing to be
raged with a man of the
society of Charlie's
thank her lucky stars
of it.

Manifestly the nose
in America—perhaps
be made more complete
the entire world—Mr. Mil
who in a suit brought
against Edward E. Rice, I
not the most prominent
indeed, she went to him
was not necessary to
say that her part was
Mr. Rice held his
position to prevent her
him, and under such
that she made the
question.

But what if she
wants to sign her
story?

Miss Canary
out decidedly on
Abbey over
the former manage
self, whose conduct
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run out on the cross
all tour for a station
weeks, and it is
not be less than \$500
Mr. Russell has not
been simply a client
the London audience.

The last number of
its signature of \$100,000
about to enter upon
several years ago, he
Cousins' Cross, or
new ground a

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

WRESTLING.

In the first half of the present century, before football, rowing and boxing had come into vogue, wrestling was the most popular of all outdoor sports. Mr. Lincoln, in relating early reminiscences, took great delight in dwelling on this feature of his boyhood. He himself was a skillful wrestler, and frequently at sales, frolics and other gatherings of the countryside, bore off honors from the wrestling ring. In those days the champion wrestler was a considerable personage in the community. He was accorded special privileges and was pointed out to visitors as one of the "sights."

In England, when this merry sport was at its prime, the youth who won the belt at a mid-country fair wore it to church the next Sunday, and after services he was given the privilege of walking home with the prettiest girl in the parish. On the following Sunday he visited the neighboring parish and was accorded the same honor. Today we often hear some combative youth, rife for sport, cry out the old familiar challenge of "Come on, let's take holds!" but the rough and tumble struggle which did so much to strengthen the thews and sinews of our fathers exists but in memory, or in the unwritten annals of pioneer days.

A Great Greek Sport.

As a physical contest of strength and skill, wrestling antedates history. The struggle between Ajax, the impersonation of brute strength, and Ulysses, representing skill and cunning, is well described by Homer. After these heroes had wrestled for a long time with equal advantages, Ajax proposed that "either should lift the one bodily." At the same time he hoisted Ulysses off the ground. As he did so the latter threw his weight forward, and, striking his heel against the back of his opponent's knee, threw him heavily. The greatest wrestler of ancient times was Milo, of Croton. Six times he carried off prizes from the Olympic and Isthmian games. The way in which he gained his immense strength was rather singular. He began by carrying on his back, a certain distance, a young calf. Each time he increased the distance, and continued to do so until the calf had grown into a cow. The ancients wres-

an easy matter to prove it to them. Nowhere does science serve one better than in wrestling, especially if your opponent has the advantage of size. This being the case, every boy should have a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the art of wrestling, for the ability to put into execution some clever trip may at some time serve him a good purpose.

Some of the Science.

In the first place, then, there are two ways of taking holds. In the one method the opponents stand chest to chest, each wrestler placing his chin on the other's



Half-Nelson.

shoulder and grasping his opponent round the body. His left arm above the latter's right, their bodies braced "like rafters of a well built roof." In the other it is "catch as catch can." Each opponent leans forward, stepping round warily, his eyes keenly watching every movement of the other, until one of them, seeing an opening, darts forward, when both attempt to secure the better hold. There are, again, two distinct kinds of wrestling. The recumbent and the upright. The former, styled Graeco-Roman, differs from the latter, or Cumberland and Westmoreland, in their features. It allows no tripping and requires that after the contestants have tumbled to the ground a fall shall not be allowed until one of them has been placed on his back and his shoulders down. The Westmoreland allows tripping of all kinds, but no ground wrestling. A fall is given when any part of the shoulders or hips is down. It is unnecessary to discuss the merits of the two systems. Both have their adherents. The Westmoreland certainly gives more room for cleverness and skill than the other. Among other chips or trips in this system is the "back heel." It consists simply in putting your left foot behind your opponent's right and bending him over it. This is a very common throw and almost every boy has probably tried it. Not so common, however, are the various ways of avoiding its trip and using it to throw your adversary. The following are the most clever chips used in wrestling today, and while we use them here as defensive, they are also the principal ones for offensive work. If your opponent crooks his left foot behind your right, keep it there. Now, let yourself fall apparently backward. Your right foot will be twisted or crooked round his left when, by pulling him backward, on account of the leverage you can put him under. This is called the "hank." Another exceedingly clever chip is the "hipe." When your opponent tries the back heel lean to the left with your head low down. Throw your right leg up between his two legs, lifting him off the ground. This is a mighty clean fall and is almost sure to down your man, especially if he be unskilled. In the "buttock" you suddenly slacken your hold and turn quickly around. Then, getting your back under your opponent's stomach turn him bodily over your thigh. It requires great strength and rapidity, and there is danger when slackening your hold that your opponent may tighten his and thus frustrate the throw and gain an advantageous hold. The "half Nelson" is much used in Graeco-Roman wrestling. When your adversary is flat on his stomach in order to turn him on his back, shove your arm underneath his from behind and



The Hold.

plied with very brief apparel, and frequently oiled their bodies to prevent each other from getting a hold. We have many accounts of wrestling contests, both in history and in the current literature of the different periods.

One very celebrated bout was that one between Henry VIII and Francis I, when their respective armies met on the field of the Cloth of Gold for a three weeks' revel. So many different accounts of this memorable match have been handed down to us that it has come to be regarded by many as a myth. But, however conflicting the details are, the fact nevertheless is an evidence of the popularity of the sport, and goes to show to what extent it was fostered by all classes of people. In no country was it indulged in with such hearty enthusiasm as in England. Who has not read of the doings of Robin Hood and his merry band, and of the lusty bouts of quarterstaff and wrestling in the ballads of Good King Richard's time, without almost wishing for a return of such brave days? In fact, England still patronizes this manly sport, for only a short time ago we read of an English curate and his assistant attending a county fair, where the former carried away the belt from the wrestling ring, while the latter captured the running prize.

America's Greatest Wrestler.

The greatest exponent of wrestling in America is William Muldoon, whose physical development, as nearly as possible, approaches the perfect. In speaking on his favorite theme, he said: "It is difficult for me to understand why such glorious exercise should have fallen into disuse. I blame it very much on the parents, school teachers and gymnastic instructors. These people have got an exaggerated idea of the danger connected with wrestling, and have done all they could to disown it. As a matter of fact, with a well sanded or padded floor the element of danger can hardly come into consideration. And then if every American boy is to be bantered and molly-coddled in this style, what sort of an imbecile will he be, and what kind of a race of men will there be 100 years from now if such manly sports as wrestling and boxing are outlawed? I say boxing, because the two go hand in hand. He is a very indifferent boxer who knows nothing about wrestling. As an exercise for boys it is in some ways unequalled. Nothing so thoroughly removes the stiffness of the joints and awkwardness of the limbs or makes the body so lithe and supple. Medical men highly endorse it as a lung developer and endurance test. Moreover, it has this to its credit, namely: That it contains all the essentials of an encounter with the spirit of antagonism and friendly rivalry, and yet is so much less provoking to the temper than boxing. Very few persons would attempt to gainsay the adage that "science wins." If they should, it is



Buttock.

catch him by the back of the neck. Unless he turns all the way over this will land him on his back. When one feels himself being lifted off the ground he should swiftly slip his left leg inside his opponent's right or vice versa. This will prevent him from being lifted, and if done skillfully will often throw the other man. It is invaluable when wrestling with a person larger than yourself. There are, of course, countless points in wrestling not touched on here and which can only be mastered by long practice. However, with a thorough knowledge of the foregoing suggestions and the ability to execute them, it will be possible to greatly surprise any of your boy friends who attempt to down you.

ALLEN SANGREM.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

The Panther's Awful Blood-Thirstiness and Irresistible Power.

The great African panther, or leopard (these two names are given him indiscriminately), inhabits the seacoast by preference, or the vicinity of a water course, regions where the winter is less rigorous. He is rarely encountered in the snow-covered mountains.

The full grown panther is a heavy beast. The largest I ever saw exceeded 400 pounds in weight, and measured ten feet, five inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. The tail always represents one-third of the total length of the animal.

The male is much larger than the female. His head is stronger and rounder than hers. He is blacker on the back, with less white on the belly. In both the ears are on the back of the head, very small and set wide apart. They are black against the head and ashen gray at the tips. The neck is thick and extremely short. The body of the panther is long and his legs very short.

He is able to seize his prey only by ruse and surprise and by leaping upon it. You will rarely see a full grown leopard run. When that happens, however, his paws move with such rapidity that he seems to slide as if launched flat on his belly over the ice. When he hunts or is hunted he makes leaps of prodigious length and with a quickness of which words can give no idea. You have seen a cat make a spring of from seven to ten feet without extraordinary effort, and I have seen panthers leap forty feet, scarcely seeming to touch when they alight with wonderful flexibility and grace. Their great strength of body causes their forequarters and hindquarters to move in opposite directions when they walk. They appear to have broken backs.

There is as much difference between the physiognomy of a young panther and of an old one as between the countenance of a boy and a man. In an old beast the whiskers are longer, the eyes sad, the chops are pendant, the fur is darker, the demeanor very grave. The young leopard's face is full and without wrinkles, the expression gay and and the robe of a lighter color.

His Wonderful Eyes.

The panther's eye is full, round and glowing. The pupil follows the progress of the sun; it turns in the circle of the iris, as the hands turn on the face of a clock. Its rotary movement lasts twenty-four hours. At noon the pupil is long, as thin as a knife blade and stands vertically in the manner of the hands of a clock marking 6 o'clock. At noon the panther is at rest, being too blind to see his way. He remains hidden, and if he should be taken by surprise the pupils of his eyes would dilate a little, but never completely. The pupil widens gradually during its rotation. At noon it is a vertical line; at 6 in the afternoon it is an oval, extending horizontally, like the clock hands marking a quarter before 3 o'clock; at midnight it is a perfect circle. This is the hour when the animal sees most clearly. From midnight until noon the pupil follows the same progress, but diminishing in width and at 6 o'clock in the morning it occupies the same position as at 6 of the evening.

After the animal's death the pupil dilates slightly, but preserves the same position as it had at the moment of death. These observations I have had the opportunity of making on panthers. I have killed at different hours in the day. The fact is the same in the case of the cat, with the exception of the rotary movement, which does not occur in the latter; but by studying the cat carefully, without annoying him, one can always tell, approximately, what o'clock it is by examining his eyes.

The reason is now clear why the panther rarely makes an attack between 9 o'clock in the morning and 6 o'clock at night. If you meet him by chance within this interval of time, since he is not sure of his sight, he turns tail at the slightest sound and runs to hide in the thickest part of the jungle; but he seldom goes very far. Believing himself well concealed, he crouches behind a thicket, with his head on his fore paws, in the position of a cat on the watch. Woe to you if you pass within the range of one of his bounds! You will have him on your back! On foot, on horseback or in a carriage, you will not escape him.

His Real Habits.

An un wounded panther uses his teeth only on cattle. But when he is hunted or crosses a man on his path he easily inflicts blows with his claws sufficiently powerful to completely destroy the face, and usually cause death. When he is wounded he uses both claws and teeth, and falls upon man with a fury that is terrible.

We have in Africa seven or eight kinds of spotted wild beasts! This fact has caused travelers in that country to believe they have seen panthers, and set down observations of the animal which are foreign to the leopard and should be assigned to other beasts. I myself have heard Arabs, who, to tell the truth, are utterly ignorant of natural history, give to both ounce and tiger cat the name of little panther.

A widely prevailing notion is, that the panther climbs trees. Here again he has certainly been confounded with the ounce, the lynx, the tiger-cat and other small animals, which not only climb, but live upon birds and hares. They rarely attack domestic animals, with the exception of chickens, among which they make great havoc, to the despair of the farmers' wives.

If chance has caused a panther to ascend to a low and drooping tree it is because he was able to leap upon it at one bound. Such an occurrence is the exception and not the rule. The panther stretches himself against the tree trunks to sharpen his claws and extend his limbs, but his hind feet never leave the ground.

We have in Africa many vultures of an enormous size, which settle down upon dead animals, but cannot eat quietly because of the hyenas and jackals which gather to share in the feast. As soon as they can tear off a member of the carcass they carry it away to a tall tree, to pick it to pieces at their leisure. I have been able to verify this fact several times, and the Arabs themselves have called my attention to it. From this originated the story that panthers have a habit of hiding the remnants of their victims in the tree-tops.

Neither does he retire into caves and crevices in rocks, according to a generally accepted opinion. It sometimes happens

that he crawls under a rock for shelter from wind and rain, but only rarely; commonly he lies all day in the bushes.

All One Family.

The jaw of the leopard is armed with twenty-eight teeth, of which six in the lower jaw and six in the upper are molars, twelve are incisors and four are canines. The two upper canines are often two inches long. He has four claws on each of his hind paws and five on each fore paw. These latter are formidable, as sharp as lances, broad, flat and of the shape of a sickle.

All along the spinal column, from the head to the middle of the tail, every spot in the fur is black, elongated and full; at the extremity of the tail the spots lie in the opposite direction and form rings. I have panther skins on which the spots on the spinal column form roses, like those on the body, while the tail spots down to the very tip are long and black. In this variation is simply an eccentricity of nature's own shown, or shall we infer a difference of species, and say this is the skin of a panther and that is the skin of a leopard? This is a question I will not venture to decide, and in this connection I will tell the following anecdote:

I had brought in quite a fine animal from the hunt. Two men who professed to be or were regarded as, versed in the study of natural history, had come to look at him. They walked around the carcass, came near to look at it closely, lifted the beast's paws, examined his teeth, measured his tail and gave each his opinion. "It is a panther," said one. "I recognize it by this and by that."

"But look!" remarked the other, "and you will see that it is clearly a leopard, the true leopard, the pardus of the Latins. Besides," he added, drawing a book from his pocket, "hear the law and the prophets."

His adversary went to the same length in defense of his views, and the savants, each with a text in hand, gesticulated, grew hot, and began to dispute or rather scream at one another. Happily the subject of discussion was beyond taking any part in it, or the argument would never have lasted so long. At length, tired of quarreling, they made concessions and agreed that if the animal had eighteen vertebrae in the tail, it was a panther; but if it had twenty-two it was a leopard. Just then came in the person whom I had engaged to dress my game. I begged him to begin where he usually left off. We awaited the result in solemn silence. When the tail had been skinned we counted the vertebrae slowly and scrupulously; there were twenty.

From all that precedes I conclude there is really no distinction to set up between the Algerian panther and leopard. If in the past there existed distinguishing traits by which two species of these animals could be characterized, these traits have disappeared, having been effaced by manifold crossings of the two species.

I shall then give only the name of panther to the animal which I hunt; the natives know him under the appellation of nemur.

He Grows Fierce with Age.

According to the Arabs, the panther lives from twenty to twenty-five years. From birth to the age of ten months or a year, the time when the mother abandons them, the kittens live only upon animals that have been captured by their mother; they have never yet made an attack themselves, but have received valuable lessons, having looked on more than one scene of carnage. I once saw two little ones of the size of a dog watching calmly while their mother strangled a heifer.

At the age of a year the young ones separate and go to live each by himself. Game being very abundant, they catch quantities of partridges and hares, which they swallow like eggs, and occasionally they make away with kids and lambs which have ventured too far into the jungle.

At four years the panther has very nearly attained his full measure of agility and cunning, but not all of his strength and audacity. He then wages bloody war against the wild boar, beginning with the little pigs, which he loves as a dainty morsel. These animals grunt continually while rooting in the earth for their food; this grunting is greatly in the panther's favor, since he has not the scent of the canine race and hunts under the guidance of sight and hearing.

When the panther has reached the age of eight or ten years he has reached his full size and strength. No longer content with catching the wild boar, he attacks cows, horses, oxen and camels. No creature can resist him. Unless hunted he seldom attacks a man beyond the range of his leap. But within that limit he falls upon every moving thing indiscriminately without foresight or examination. If a locomotive should pass within this limit of distance I am absolutely certain that it would be attacked by an old panther.

He is very dainty in regard to his food; cares only for warm and bleeding flesh, and refuses to touch a creature found dead. Only young, very feeble ones do it, who lack strength and cunning to attack big game. An adult beast almost never eats the remnants of his victim. He often keeps them, hoping they will be good next day, but finding the meat cold, turns away without touching it. Sometimes he makes use of these fragments as a sort of bait that he may have the pleasure of falling on other arrivals attracted by the odor. All the panthers I saw in Africa, whether killed by me or others, at all seasons, and even when suckling cubs, were very fat.

If the panther is hunting and wishes to take a victim by surprise he crawls like a serpent; his agility and cunning render him formidable. After satisfying his appetite he continues taking life for pleasure. The Arabs and I have often observed that he was unable to eat a tenth part of the domestic animals he killed. It is impossible to form a just idea of the loss he causes to the tribes whose territory he exploits.

Traveler—Some expressions in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings.

Little Miss—Same way in English.

Traveler—You amaze me. Mention one.

Little Miss—Not at home. Tit-Bits.

Philie McClink—I have lived all my life in Philadelphia.

Knicker Bocker—And you are still living—

Detroit Free Press.

ON THE MIMIC STAGE

Mr. Thomas Keene's Visit the Event of the Week.

KUEHNE BEVERIDGE IS SINGLE AGAIN

Charles Coghlan Now Returns to the Arms of His Other Wife—Lillian Russell to the Fore.

The visit of Mr. Keene has been a genuine treat. Large audiences have greeted him upon each production and the people of Atlanta have shown that they have not altogether gone over to a worship of fun and froth. Yesterday afternoon and last evening Mr. Keene and the members of his company were given hearty receptions, the audiences being even larger than on the first night. One thing that struck me about the first night audience was its coldness. What should have been the case it is difficult to say. From the expressions which I heard during the acts and afterwards I am convinced that there was no lack of appreciation, but for some reason or other the manifestation of it was absent. Perhaps this was due to the character of the audience, or, perhaps, to the very evident fact that the people were set to thinking by the admirable work of the actors. True Louis XI is not a character calculated to stir up much admiration or enthusiasm, for a more despicable citizen than he is made to appear in the play has probably not disgraced civilization. They were cold, it is true, but the people were by no

Dunne, the husband of the late Patti Rose, to appear as the central figure of the Patti Rose company. She is a very beautiful and quaint young woman and it is believed will make a distinct hit in this field, which may not have been filled since the retirement of Lotta and the death of Pixley.

The three—Otis Skinner, Otto Harlan and Arthur Otis—seem to be on the top wave of popularity.

Skinner's success in "His Grace De Grammont" is undoubted. The stellar career of that most brilliant of young American actors has begun most auspiciously and there is little doubt that the financial success of his venture will be commensurate with its artistic value. All the time Mr. Skinner or his clever manager could ask for from an artistic standpoint everything that Skinner does is of the highest order of excellence. The leading dramatic writer of Chicago has put the initial production in this way: "Otis Skinner scores success at the Grand Opera house in 'His Grace De Grammont,' a most clever play. Mr. Skinner's personation of the witty, loving knight was to the life. In two strongly drawn situations with the king he carried the audience over and over again. The scenery and costumes are rich, expensive, handsome and historically correct. The support is splendid. The production is a triumph."

As for Otis Harlan, he and "A Black Sheep" have had a hard fight. Harlan's comedy is from all accounts a awful one and it certainly has caught on. One of the songs sang in it, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," is going everywhere and is one of the hits of the year. "A Black Sheep" has reached the border of the south and will be here the latter part of October.

I put Miss Otis in the same class, for the name, somehow, seems to be on to conjure with. She is now, in the cast of "New Moon," and is universally considered one of the most brilliant of the amateurish strong company in whose hands Miss Palmer has placed the play. Miss Otis's growth has been remarkable. It was only a year or so ago that she stepped from amateur ranks, but her position now is fully assured. She has remarkable natural gifts and if true to her art will have a high place in her profession.

"The Barnum & Bailey greatest show on earth, James Bailey, the owner," will be the line hereafter announcing the name of the biggest and best circus and menagerie in the world. Mr. Bailey came into full possession of the show last week by purchasing the interest hitherto held by the Barnum theater. There has been some little friction between the two sets of owners, but its adjustment in a matter of days. The best thing that could possibly have happened, not alone for Mr. Bailey, but also for the perpetuation of the great show. The present owner has long been in fact the spirit of the enormous enterprise. He has shown a marked ambition to own the show outright, and he is to be very earnestly congratulated upon its final fulfillment.

All reports indicate that "The Politician" will prove Roland Reed's greatest success. I have found nothing but praise in all of the newspaper notices. The critics of the daily papers are all enthusiastic, and this from the Detroit correspondent of the Dramatic News gives the endorsement of that opinion. "Roland Reed—New Play—The Politician—Large Audience—Anxious Anticipation—Tremendous Hit." Such was the order of the evening of 17th, when the popular comedian appeared before the Drexel Dog, to the head of an opera company under the management of F. C. Whitney.

James T. Powers has been engaged by Charles Frohman and will be starred in "The New Boy." The much discussed "Hannale" will shortly be played in Boston, when the title role will be given by Alice Pierce, who was prevented from appearing in it in New York last season.

Madame Fursch-Madi, for nearly a quarter of a century famous as a prima donna in Europe and this country, died on Tuesday last, of cancer of the womb, at a little residence near Flushing, N. J. She was forty-six years old, and her last appearance on the stage was made as Otruda in "Don Juan in Hell" at the Metropoliitan in the metropolis. New York, near the close of last season.

Alexander Salvini intends to produce early in his tour this season an adaptation by himself of a romantic Italian play, which will be called "The Duke of Alva." The piece is in four acts, the scenes are laid in Spain, and the principal role given him admirable opportunities.

Barney Ferguson is enthusiastic over his new play, "Say, can he sing?" in the first act I wear a new suit! In the second I've got two changes of costume, and they're canaries in the third—play the play—I've got them, and they're blues!"

Ada Rehan had a most enthusiastic reception in Boston on the occasion of her first appearance as a star, on Monday evening last. Every seat in the Hynes street theater had been sold for her entire engagement.

William Pretiss has fallen in love with the title role of "The new DeKoven and Smith opera 'Rob Roy,'" which he is now rehearsing, and his many friends and admirers anticipate a great success for him in the part.

Wilson Barrett is said to have the most brilliant mezzo-soprano of recent years in "The Manxman," a dramatization of Hall Caine's novel of that name.

That isn't the end of it. It's only the beginning."

And as good that she means what she says, Miss Johnstone has engaged herself for life to a Frenchman of wealth and position.

Once more Mrs. Langtry has turned her thoughts to this country, in which she has made so much money during her earlier career on the stage. She has called upon George P. Morris, of New York, to ask him to book a tour for her in America, beginning in November. Last season Mrs. Langtry cabled over the same request, and after Mr. Reynolds had secured her services for all over the country she came to New York, but he was put off with no end of trouble to obtain the engagement. It is not absolutely safe to assume that Mrs. Langtry will play here this season until she steps foot on our shores. But as she seems to have worn out her welcome in London, it is probable that she will not disappoint the why Joseph this time.

My handsome friend Al Southernland, having settled his suit against Pauline Hall, has taken charge of Sadie Martinot's star.

That isn't the end of it. It's only the beginning."

And as good that she means what she says, Miss Johnstone has engaged herself for life to a Frenchman of wealth and position.

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When the famous Kaliayev pictures were first exhibited in New York, prejudice raised a hue and cry, and it was even predicted that Anthony Comstock would interfere. But, contrary to all expectations, he did not censor the pictures without any sign of protest. For months they drew large and intelligent audiences, and were a great success. The pictures were shown with equal refinement of artistic skill, and devoid of any element of vulgar suggestion or sensational effect.

Moreover, the composition of each picture was a masterpiece of artistic effect, with perfect balance of color, harmonious backgrounds and clever illusion of foreground and perspective. They were, in short, a revelation to the world.

Quick to appreciate the value of these "Living Pictures" as a novelty, Mr. Leavitt immediately engaged for their production of a varied and interesting series of the pictures, incorporating every detail of lighting and effect which he now presents in conjunction with his popular and brilliant "Spider and Fly."

Or the groups of Mr. Leavitt's series must have already been in demand. They represent statuary and paintings, and in both attempts have attained the highest success. But, as time has gone on, they have adhered to the strictest artistic method, obtaining the very best results in both form and color. By means of different groupings and drawings, they have transformed the entire stage opening. Some of these, especially those which are reproductions of famous paintings, are masterpieces of color and tone, and exhibit for the first time such an arrangement of tints and illumination as is rarely seen. The light and the shadows are marvelously preserved. In this they illumine all else is forgotten, and there is not a single feature to offend the sensibilities of the most refined.

ATLANTA AND NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE.

ATLANTA AND NEW POINT RAILROAD COMPANY. The main line of the best route to Montgomery, N. Y., Oregon, Texas and the South West.

The following schedule in effect September 20, 1894.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD OF GEORGIA, NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA DIVISION.

From Washington 9:30 a.m. To Birmingham 12:30 p.m.

From Birmingham 12:30 p.m. To Chattanooga 1:30 p.m.

From Chattanooga 1:30 p.m. To Atlanta 2:30 p.m.

From Atlanta 2:30 p.m. To Birmingham 3:30 p.m.

From Birmingham 3:30 p.m. To Chattanooga 4:30 p.m.

From Chattanooga 4:30 p.m. To Atlanta 5:30 p.m.

From Atlanta 5:30 p.m. To Birmingham 6:30 p.m.

From Birmingham 6:30 p.m. To Chattanooga 7:30 p.m.

From Chattanooga 7:30 p.m. To Atlanta 8:30 p.m.

From Atlanta 8:30 p.m. To Birmingham 9:30 p.m.

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From Birmingham 6:30 p.m. To Chattanooga 7:30 p.m.

AN EXPOSITION OF EXPECTATIONS EXPEDITIALLY REALIZED.

THE GLOBE'S CONTINUOUS CHAPTER OF P. P. G. OR, IN OTHER WORDS, POPULAR PRICE GOODS!

When We Opened Our Mammoth Establishment, We Remarked That

"WE'VE COME TO STAY,"

And We've Verified Our Statement by a Large Majority.

AN OUTLAY OF OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF SEASONABLE MERCANDISE NOW AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

OUR MIDDLE-WEIGHT CONTINUANCE SALE.

\$5.00 for an all-wool black Cheviot Suit.

\$7.89 takes pick of our middle-weight \$16.50, \$17.00 and \$18.00 line of Men's Suits.

\$8.50 takes the \$20.00 and \$22.50 line.

THE ABOVE SUITS ARE SACK OR CUTAWAY SUITS.

WE DO NOT SEND SAMPLES OF THESE GOODS

BUT, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE,

WE WILL SHIP SUIT TO ANY ADDRESS,

And if Goods Are Not Satisfactory

WE WILL REFUND MONEY.



KNEE PANTS.

We Have Knee Pants

AT
10c. 19c. 20c. 39c.
WE HAVE

HUNDREDS OF PATTERNS
TO SELECT FROM.

The "Crack-a-Jack" double seams, double knee, riveted buttons, sewed with Belfast linen, at

48c. 59c. 79c.

KNEE PANTS 4 TO 15



WE ARE ALWAYS
UP TO DATE IN HATS:

Our Styles and Prices Are Correct.

DERBIES, DERBIES,
IN BLACK OR BROWN, AT

98c, \$1.48, \$1.98, \$2.48, \$2.98.

Black or Brown Alpine Hats same prices.
Black Crush Hats, for men or boys. Fur, any size, 6 3/4 to 7 1/2, at 48c. Silk Hats are again gaining fast favor. At \$3.98, we give you \$5.00 value; at \$4.98, we give you \$6.50 value. All new fall blocks.

SUSPENDERS

15c, 25c, 38c, and 48c.

Hose, Black or Colored, 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

COLLARS AND CUFFS

Any Style or Size, 10c for Collars, 15c for Cuffs. 4-ply Linen.

THE BOSTON GARTER,
The Regular 50c Kind at 38c. The Globe Garter 25c.

Samples and price list of Fall and Winter Suits now ready. Always state what price goods desired.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!



Be sure to ask to see our "Gold Medal" Shoe.

Boys' calf bals, plain or cap toe; regular price \$2.25 and \$2.50, ours \$1.73.

Boys' satin calf or cordovan bals, cap or plain toe; regular price \$2, ours \$1.48.

Boys' solid school Shoe, 98c.

Ladies' cloth or kid top button, patent tip, opera or square toe; regular price \$2.50; ours \$1.98.

Ladies' button, in opera or common sense last, patent tip or plain toe regular price \$2, ours \$1.48.

Ladies' dongola button, in opera or common sense toe; regular price \$1.50 and \$1.75, ours \$1.24.

Misses' cloth or kid top button, patent tip, opera or square toe, sizes 11 1/2 to 2; regular price \$1.75, ours \$1.23.

Same Shoe 8 1/2 to 11, 98c; 5 to 8, 73c. Misses'

dongola button, patent tip, opera toe, sizes 11 1/2 to 2; regular price \$1.50, ours 98c. Same Shoe, 8 1/2 to 11, 73c; 5 to 8, 59c. Misses' cloth top, button, patent tip, opera toe, sizes 12 to 2; regular price \$1.25, ours 89c.

Same Shoe, 9 to 11, 69c; 6 to 8, 48c.

BOYS' SUITS.

KNEE PANTS

KNobby SCHOOL SUITS

FOR THE BOYS,

That Will Please All Parents!

STRONG, RELIABLE, STYLISH.

EVERY GARMENT MADE

BY SKILLED WORKMEN.

SUITS AT 98c,

\$1.48, \$1.98, \$2.48, \$2.98.

AGES 4 TO 15.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Another big lot of Sweaters at 25c.

Silk Windsor Ties, 15c.

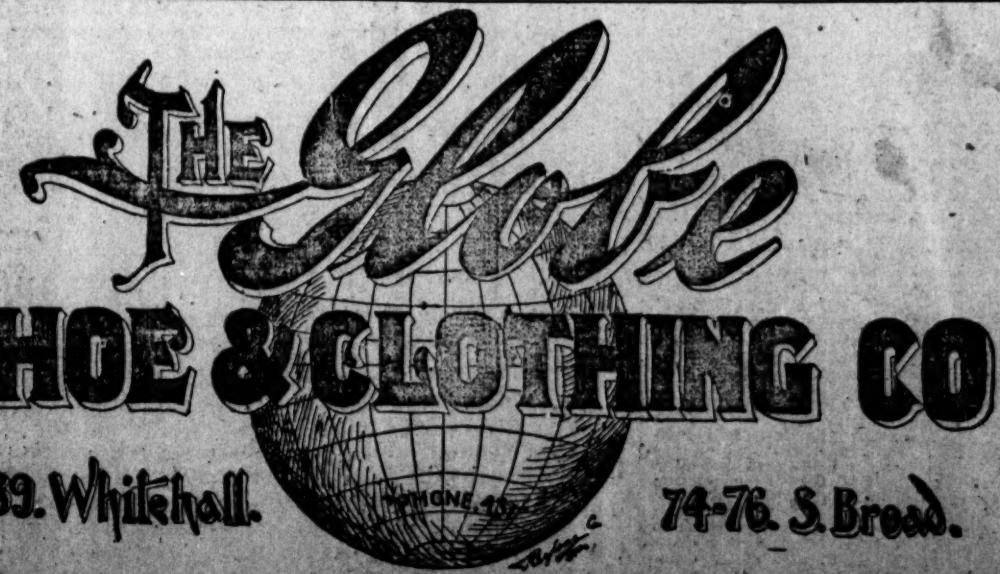
A few hundred Monarch Shirts, in P. K. and plain, bought at a big loss to the manufacturers.

The regular \$1.50 and \$2.00 kind at 98c.

Commencing Tuesday morning at 12 o'clock we will give our friends an optical treat. Professor Verno, the world's greatest pastel crayon artist, will keep the wondering crowds aghast with his dexterity and skill. Picture after picture will magically flow from his easel. No two will be alike. Not one but what would grace the palace of an empress.

His atelier will be the center of one of our great show windows, and the products of his handiwork will be presented to every purchaser. "It will be a treat to see the treat."

Special Notice--We will close Monday on account of holiday



Laundered, 48c, 98c.

Unlaundered, 25c, 38c, 48c or higher.

We have wool Shirts at 75c, 98c and \$1.48.

UMBRELLAS--59c, 79c, 98c, \$1.48 and \$1.98.

WHITE SHIRTS, laundered, 48c, 98c; unlaundered, 25c, 35c, 48c.

NIGHT SHIRTS at 48c, 75c, 98c, white or fancy.

CANES at 25c, 50c, 75c, 98c.

K. of P. Canes at 50c, 75c.



Men's Underwear!

Shirts at 25c, 38c, 48c, 69c, 98c.

Drawers to match at same price.

Canton flannel Drawers, excellent quality, 38c and 48c.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Silk, white or colored border, at 25c, 38c, 48c, 79c.

White Handkerchiefs or colored border at 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

NECKWEAR--Tiecks or Scarfs at 25c, 38c, 48c. Four-in-Hand at same price. Lovely patterns silk or solid black silk or satin.

SAMPLES OF FALL AND WINTER SUITS AND OVERCOATS SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

PART 2.

VOL. XXVII.

The store is thrif-
ous merchandise
but advertising
of the story must
every counter is
and burdened be
bound to make
purchase will pro-

Don't trip throu-
It's an orthodo-
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new Tariff line

Eight

retail house ever b-
of Fabrics illustrat-
the store, in this ac-
irresistably magne-

Lot 1. Taffeta
A wilderness of now-
swivel, rep and br-
price is an eloquent
women who desire a
little money. They
last Friday.

Worth 35c... C

Lot 2. Devons
Think
selvedge to selvedge.
comfortable of all the
ish weather. They
yards--three dresses
might snap them up;
early.

Worth 75c... C

Lot 3. An end
Serves
More styles very like
lection. Home made
wherever the choices
the shelves that hold
stock merits fame fro

Worth 75c... C

Cove

Hundreds of pieces
of weave and perfect
notch of goodness, and
combined two in town
soft and hard finish

Speci

One grade.....
One grade.....
One grade.....
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One grade.....

Colors: Islam, T-
stadt, Myosotis,
Romaine.

Color

Plain Surahs, extra w-
colors. Well adapted
in all cases where
our price

Glace Silks, double
lines into neat small
sleeves, waists, and
price

Plain India Silks, light
Lyons, dyed in London,
the best skill can give.

Figured Peau d'Soie, a
inal broche effect that
in any other stock. A

Wrap

fresh, bright and u-

Plaid Cheviot Double
imported \$8.00 to im-
at \$10.00, or therab-

Golf Cape, made out
modious hood, lined
silk, worth \$11.50, as

Bright tan Castor Be-
inlaid velvet collar, a
the lot, worth \$1.50

Our only fear is
in this storm are
today. Don't con-
department is fail-
you want at price
economical shopp-
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PART 2. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

13024

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XXVII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

KEELY COMPANY

The store is thrilling all over with vital and marvelous merchandise news. We are eager to tell it all, but advertising space is costly and a mere fraction of the story must suffice. It's enough to say that every counter is bloomed and plumed and buried and burdened beneath a bulk of bargains that is bound to make business broaden and stir. A purchase will profit you greatly.

Our freight registry indicates that we have received about double the number of cases up to date than during the corresponding time of any former Fall season. The fact is that at the period when we realized prices of foreign goods had hopelessly shrunk we seized the grand opportunity and became large purchasers. The results of those operations are now manifest.

October's Overpowering Offerings.

Don't trip through this advertisement. Sift every sentence thoroughly. There's no fustian, bathos or twaddle about it. It's an orthodox account of the most opulent series of bargains that tongue or pen ever had for theme. Every item represents unparalleled value. No one has the genius to describe the goods and their cheapness. To attempt it is to prove one's incapacity. No, they must be seen. Monday morning our Fall Business opens in earnest, and we hew prices to the new Tariff line in a manner that will dazzle doubters.

Eight Specials for Monday!

retail house ever before presented such a royally rich assembly of bargains. This single offering includes eight prices, but represents over a thousand pieces of Fabrics illustrating the leading styles that now prevail in every Fashion center from Paris to New York. Consistent with the arrangement of the goods in the store, in this advertisement we also subdivide the monumental quantity into eight great groups. They shine out in their imposing beauty and newness and irresistibly magnetize by the overwhelming persuasiveness of prices ridiculously low.

Lot 1. Figured and Diagonal Worsted and Taffeta Wool Suitings, 36 inches wide. A wilderness of novelty effects including armure, swivel, rep and brocade designs in all colors. The price is an eloquent appeal to the self-interest of women who desire a neat, serviceable dress for very little money. They've come to the counters since last Friday.

Worth 35c....Our price.....19c

Lot 2. Devonshire Suiting, 54 inches wide. Think of it! Yard-and-a-half from selvedge to selvedge. Scottish of course. The most comfortable of all the clan weaves in rough or roughish weather. They are in six colors. Limited 15 yards—three dresses—to a buyer. Otherwise dealers might snap them up; suburbanites had better start early.

Worth 75c....Our price.....49c

Lot 3. An endless range of Checked and Plaid Serges and Cashmeres—finest wool. More styles very likely than you ever saw in one collection. Home made, foreign made—chosen from wherever the choicest could be had. Glance down the shelves that hold their sun-checkered folds. The stock merits fame from sea to sea.

Worth 50c....Our price.....50c

Lot 4.

Cheviots, single twills, crepe twills, boucle twills, two-toned effects and Oxford mixes. Illuminated Mohair Suiting, Flannel in red, blue, brown and gray, 42 inches wide. Berkshire Checks, Scotch Tweeds, French Checks and Stripes, Changeable Diagonals, Boucle Plaids, Camel's-hair Melanges. They are all exclusive and elegant. To name them signifies little. No printed words can paint the graces of style, the harmony of colors, the perfection of patterns that characterizes them all. We never before had such stupendous values.

Worth 65c....Our price.....39c

Lot 8.

Serge Melange, nine Autumn tint mixtures, 46 inches. All-wool French novelties in quiet tones, the little glints of bright colors give them winning loveliness. Camel's-hair, with knots of boucle, soft to the touch, swell to the eye. Cheviot Brilliant, a rich two-color check. Vicuna, Cashmere Goat, Silesian Sheep and China Silk-worm Novelties. Mohair Figured Armures, Bourette Mixtures, Zebeline Suitings, Irish Frieze, Tailor Checks and the prettiest Plaid Suitings that were ever planned are in profusion.

Worth 50c....Our price.....98c

Lot 5. Jacquard Suitings. The latest Fashion ripple, natty in the extreme. A dozen designs in twice as many colors. Ultra Fashion is with them. And well she may be, for the fickle dame never smiled on a more beautiful or sensible staff. The price reductions will hold you happy against comparisons with her future caprices.

Worth 85c....Our price.....59c

Lot 6. All-wool Invisible Checked Cheviot, 46 inches wide, in sixteen popular color mixes. Crush the stuff, tumble, rub, thumb and jerk it, wear it in rough weather—comes up smiling every time. It's the purest of wool with long wearing qualities that are now so seldom found in a medium-priced fabric. Every yard warranted.

Worth \$1.00....Our price.....65c

Lot 7. Ladies Cloth. It grows in favor every season—so dressy, so utterly unlike a Broadcloth—and yet such a broad cloth—54 inches wide, in the mellowest tints of gray, red, blue, brown and black. Of course it is only the best skill that can produce such grades. The maker was hunting cash.

Worth \$1.25....Our price.....75c

Broadcloths.

Experience and experiments have lifted and lifted the quality of these goods until now they seem to be at the highest point of perfection. The vastness and excellence of our present stock—and the cheapness are astonishing.

Special Prices.

One grade.....99c....worth.....\$1.25
One grade.....\$1.25....worth.....\$1.50
One grade.....\$1.50....worth.....\$1.75
One grade.....\$1.75....worth.....\$2.25
One grade.....\$2.00....worth.....\$2.50

Colors: Kremid, Platine, Clmier, Ruby, Sultan, Baltique, Nanol, Caylan, Meilla and Antomme.

Covert Cloths.

Hundreds of pieces—soft and fine and firm—even of weave and perfect of dye: They're at the top-notch of goodness, and our stock is larger than any combined two in town. French and German makes—soft and hard finished.

Special Prices.

One grade.....39c....worth.....60c
One grade.....50c....worth.....75c
One grade.....99c....worth.....\$1.25
One grade.....\$1.25....worth.....\$1.65
One grade.....\$1.50....worth.....\$2.00

Colors: Islam, Tolstol, Alpine, Marine, Cronstadt, Myosotis, Giroflee, Cerise, Ameranths, Romaine.

Imported Novelty Suits.

Exclusive Dress Specialties. Trade name—"Novelties." They were secured by us from the importers, who are agents for the best makers in the world, at a time when general dullness, trade depression and a shaky business outlook—all united to push prices down. Very great concessions were made for the immediate cash.

See Them On the Center Counter.

Worth Up to \$18.00....Choice at.....\$10.00

The cream of the styles that the best dressed women of two hemispheres are wearing. The counter is heaved with unmade costumes for every possible use, and choosing will never be easier. There are Wool and Silk-and-wool Novelties, Boucle Barred and Basket Suitings, Tailor Checks, Granite Cloths, Matelasses, Jacquard Weaves; Bourette, Camel's-hair and Cheviot Weaves. It is a colossal sacrifice to sell them so low.

Worth Up to \$18.00....Choice at.....\$10.00

Colored and Black Silks!

Plain Surahs, extra weight, smooth, even weave, light, medium and dark colors. Well adapted for all ordinary dress or trimming use, especially in all cases where economy is an important element, worth 50c; our price.....35c

Glace Silks, double tinted iridescent grounds, divided by neutral colored lines into neat small checks and narrow stripes. Very thing for skirts, sleeves, waists and the like. Sold everywhere at 65c; our price.....49c

Plain India Silks, light and dark shades, good, heavy weight. Woven at Lyons, dyed in London and full of the wearing qualities that the best skill can give. The usual ask has been 75c; our price.....49c

Figured Peau d'Soie, authentic Persian colorings—graced with an original broche effect that are peculiarly attractive and can't be seen in any other stock. A fair price for them would be 85c; our price.....67c

It is like visiting an exposition of the daintiest, most elegant woven stuffs to pass among them. Most of the fine French are to be had nowhere else in Atlanta. Not a single leaving or held-over in the entire exhibition.

21-inch All-silk Black Gros, Grain, worth \$1; our price.....75c
21-inch heavy Black Peau d'Soie, worth \$1.25; our price.....98c

23-inch Black Sublime Satin Duchesse, worth \$1.25; our price.....98c

24-inch Super Cashmir Gros, Grain, worth \$1.75; our price.....\$1.39

21-inch extra finished Peau d'Soie, worth \$1.75; our price.....\$1.50

23-inch Black Armure Silk, imported to sell for \$2.00; our price.....\$1.48

Fancy Taffeta Silks, delicate and dark colors, soft and lustrous grounds, irwoven with numberless diamond, crescent and star-shaped figures, zig-zag and dainty straight stripes. Real value 90c; our price.....67c

Faile Francaise and Japanese Silks, extra fine finish, in all the leading colors for evening, reception and street wear, including tan, navy, brown, gray, pearl, nile blue beige, rose and corn. Well worth \$1.00;

our price.....75c

Fancy Taffeta Silks, with radiant, changeable grounds, cut by single and cluster narrow satin stripes and illuminated by small Dresden figures in many contrasting tints. The rightful price should be \$1.25; our price.....85c

Fancy Taffetas, again. This time with brilliant shot effects, produced by satin seed dots, formed into rather broad stripes—all the desirable Autumn colors. Imported to retail at \$1.35; our price.....98c

Wraps, Capes and Jackets!

fresh, bright and up to date—and temptingly priced. Trust your eyes and fingers. No need of a word from anybody to tell you what wonderful values these are:

Plaid Cheviot Double Cape, genuine Golf collar. Cost the importer \$8.00 to import, he says. Would naturally retail at \$10.00, or thereabout. We make the price.....\$5.00

Golf Cape, made out of right-weight Broadcloth, with comodious hood, lined throughout with plaid glace and surah silk, worth \$12.50, as others charge; our price.....\$7.50

Bright tan Castor Beaver Cape, self-appliqued, velvet bound, inlaid velvet collar, and silk-faced. One of the nobbiest in the lot, worth \$13.50; our price.....\$10.00

Highland Cape, made out of Scotch Tweed or velvet faced woolen, with plaid pattern inside, and modest-priced withal, considering the style and finish.....\$10.00

Bell-shaped Knickerbocker Golf Capes, a deep, generous and picturesqe cap, with plaid, wool-lined hood. You'd expect the price to be \$15.00; it is.....\$10.00

Cheviot Jackets, blue, gray, brown and tan, velvet collar, double-breasted and trimmed with large pearl buttons, worth \$11.50; our price only.....\$7.50

Cheviot and Broadcloth Golf Capes, in red, blue, brown, gray and tan. Hoods lined with striped armure silk and plaid glace, worth \$15.00; our price.....\$10.00

Three-quarter Walking Jacket, made of beaver and kersey, right-fitting coat effect, velvet collar, large pearl buttons, in gray, brown, tan and blue.....\$10.00

Full-length Plush Capes, satin-lined, richly trimmed with various furs, beautifully shaped and finished, \$20.00, \$16.50, \$15.00 and.....\$12.50

Our only fear is that some may think the bargains in this store are limited to the special quotations of today. Don't conceive that fallacious notion. Every department is fairly a-flash with just the things you want at prices that the most experienced and economical shopper enthuses over. We can't formulate language strong enough to express our trade triumphs.

KEELY COMPANY

M. RICH & BROS.

Look at Our New

Silks.

Monday Morning

We will display foreign Silks of our own importation, as well as all that's new in domestic Silks.

Black Silks, Colored Silks.

Evening Silks.

All the fashion writers say Silks will lead, so we are ready with the greatest stock in the South.

In addition to all the novelties and fancy weaves, we are showing an elegant line of ladies' cloths in all the newest shades.

Bargain.

Arriving every day.

We can now show a fine assortment of Ladies' Fall and Winter Garments, the style, quality and price of which cannot be beat.

Come and see the new styles.

Outing Flannels.

Fleeced in fancy figures and stripes for wrappers—the handsomest, neatest Flannellettes in the South,

10c per yard

Children's

Reefers.

Here is the place to see high art goods in the bric-a-brac line. Many of our customers never come to our store without visiting this stock.

The stock contains magnificent articles for wedding or anniversary presents.

\$2.50 each

Odd Pieces

Furniture.

We have some very odd shaped pieces of furniture for parlor decorations. They are exquisite and ancient designs, worth seeing.

Castile Soap.

Try it, and you will use no other.

2 Cakes for 5c

Down

Comfortables.

New line of Sateen and Silk Comforts, handsome colorings and pure down.

High art goods, to match all kinds of carpets, in any style designed.

Lace Curtains.

Our import order just received. They are marked less the tariff reductions. The combination of all Atlanta dealers' stocks would not show half the variety we show at present.

These goods are about half the former prices, the finer goods receiving the heaviest reductions.

Odd Pieces

Furniture.

In this department we have virtually no competition. Our prices have made the department a great success.

We carry fringe and drapery materials to match, and furnish special designs by thoroughly artistic drapers.

Our work stands as high as any in the country.

M. RICH & BROS.

54 and 56 Whitehall Street.



The important point of economy is not so much what you pay for an article as what value you receive for the money paid. Our customers call on Clothes, Hats and Furnishings cheap, because they receive good value for their money. We do not sell goods we cannot truthfully recommend. We would be glad to sell you your Winter outfit.

Groge & M. Clothing Co.

88 WHITEHALL.

CLOSE OF THE FIGHT

ON WITH THE WORK.

Orators Now Come Down from the
Stamp for a Rest.

RALLIES HELD ALL OVER THE STATE

Again It Is Announced That a Railroad
Is to Be Completed.

IT IS AN OLD, FAMILIAR STORY
This Time, However, President Young
States That the Mason and Atlantic
Will Surely Be Finished.

Yesterday was the last big day of the campaign. All over Georgia democracy was preached and the advices received indicate that a vast deal of good was done the cause. It was the final whoop-of-a-campaign that has been lively in the extreme, the closing event, but so far as the state at large is concerned Saturday's rally practically wound up this feature of campaign work.

While speaking has been going on with great vigor there has been no lack of the work of organization, and the result is that in most parts of the state the outlook is just as encouraging as could be wished. In a few counties the populists have gained strength—not among the white people, but by deluding the negroes in those counties. That, however, is not the case except in a few localities, and the outlook is that in proportion to the white cast, the majority which will be rolled up for the state ticket will be as large as that of two years ago. The past few weeks have brought splendid results. In the early days of the campaign the colored voters showed a disposition to keep away from the democratic meetings, but this is changed and listening to the clear presentation of the reasons why, in state affairs, at least, they should vote with the democrats, who are their best friends, there has been a change, and the majority of the colored voters will undoubtedly be cast for the democratic ticket. Of course, there are at no time been a doubt about a splendid democratic victory, both for the state ticket and for the members of the general assembly.

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Carroll Is All Right.

Carrollton, Ga., September 29.—(Special)—The democratic party in Carroll is in better condition than before in any campaign years. Democratic rallies are held today in the two largest of the party strongholds. If Carroll loses its seat to the majority, the county will claim the capital and the exposition. Mr. H. M. Held made a short speech at Terrell, and Mr. W. D. Hambrick addressed a large audience at Roopville.

The Day in Wayne.

Jesup, Ga., September 29.—(Special)—The democratic party, advised to hold here today with Major Turner, was a great success. Brantley as speaker was a great success. Judge Speer, Atkinson, of Brunswick, and Mr. John W. Bennett, of this place, were the orators. The meeting was well attended, and other speakers were unavoidably absent. The audience was estimated at about 600.

Watson to Speak.

He Will Address His Followers in Atlanta Tomorrow Night.

Tom Watson will fire the closing gun of his campaign at DeGolyer's Marietta street opera house.

Ton was in town last night, and he will be here all day today, resting. He looks worn out after his long siege at speechmaking, and is much thinner than his wont.

Mr. Watson is by no means a hopeful leader. He had a few moments yesterday afternoon, just as he was leaving the Kimball room, a famous chamber on the second floor. He had a good deal of campaign literature under his arm, and was about to put it in his pocket when he thought up his "Moses and the speech."

"Mr. Watson," he was asked, "what is your estimate of the election?"

The populist statesman smiled. "It was one of the far away, dreamy smiles of his which one thinks that he missed his calling when he entered such an active field as politics."

"No, I don't talk figures and estimates," said he. "I never was. Watsonian smile; it's work. I don't like making big claims, and I don't count tall."

And nothing would induce the statesman from McDuffie to tell him that he thought of the chances of the election. Very few, if any, seemed to him to be in the south. He was sixty years old, a native of Gersheim-Rheinpal, Germany. He went to New Orleans forty years ago, a poor boy, became a peddler, and finally established himself in New Orleans. His campaign, which he built up immensely, was the last in the south. He was president of the Touro infirmary, and prominent in all the Jewish charities of New Orleans.

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Demonstrator (in clinch)—You will notice that the subject's right leg is longer than his left, which causes him to limp. Now, what would you do in such a case? Bright students—I'd limp, too.

MR. CRISP AT ROME.

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The Democrats Close the Campaign with Great Enthusiasm Both Sides Were Busy Yesterday.

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FLORIDA'S ELECTION.

comes Just One Day Before the Election in Georgia.

RAILWAYS CUT AN IMPORTANT FIGURE

There is a Great Fight on Against the Corporations.

IT IS COMMISSION OR NO COMMISSION

The Democratic Party in the State Is Split All to Pieces—Very Few Populist Lists Are Running.

He has been in municipal, county and state politics for ten years; was formerly an agent of the Florida Central and Peninsula railroad station in Jacksonville; later a claim agent of the same company, then Fleming, and now state inspector of ultimate oils by appointment of Governor Mitchell. He is about forty-two years old, has a most extensive acquaintance throughout the state, is a bold, aggressive, fearless leader and a close-mouthed, work-on-the-quite politician.

The regular ticket in Duval is headed for

commission—and they will be elected. A majority of the hold-over senators—sixteen in number—is also opposed to a commission law. It is, therefore, difficult to figure out seventeen commission law votes from among the present and prospective senators in the Senate. The hold-overs do not permit it at all. So, no matter how the lower house may stand, the state senate of 1895 will be an effectual bar to any legislation hostile to railroads. In a letter to a prominent lawyer in the state capital here "The senate of 1895 will have a safe majority against a commission law, even if Fletcher should be elected in this county, but I estimate the majority for Hardinge at 500 to 700. The total vote will not exceed 4,500 and the election will set 2,000 beyond the shadow of a doubt. We won't get a barra man to bet a dollar or a dime, even money, on Fletcher. They will offer to bet that Hardinge won't have 800 majority or 700 majority, and so on—but out for the dust on the general result."

As to the result in Volusia and Lake counties a report comes from DeLand to the effect that a well-known republican politician, who has held a fat federal office in Florida until quite recently, has made his appearance there, and is working for commission votes among the negroes both in Lake and Volusia. "He knows how to pull the nigger vote better than any other man in Florida," this report adds, "and he has a barrel of money with him, too, so his collection is growing. In these two counties that Muller and St. Clair-Abrams will both be elected to the senate." But this report undoubtedly comes from a commission source; the most conservative of the non-prejudiced observers give both counties to the anti-commission men by very small but safe majorities.

The State Ticket.

Only one state officer is to be elected—a justice of the supreme court—and, as only one party nomination has been made, the

Senate by John Earle Hartridge, one of the leading lawyers of Jacksonville, although one of the youngest of the middle-aged class, with the exception of his civil attorney of Jacksonville. He has a few held public office, although in 1888 President Cleveland appointed him United States Judge for the northern district of Florida to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Fletcher—an appointment which the republican senate purposely failed to confirm, the incoming of the Harrison administration being at hand, with the certainty of a "no" republican appointment who would be promptly confirmed. The appointment was subsequently given to Charles Swaine of Pennsylvania, who had lived in Florida only a short time, and was comparatively unknown. Mr. Hartridge was born in 1851 in Madison, the capital of Wisconsin. Theodore Hartridge, a native of Savannah, and his mother a Miss Livingston, of South Carolina, and one family old and honored in the state. His parents went to Jacksonville when John Earle was scarcely more than a boy, and that city has been his home ever since. He entered the University of Georgia in 1869, won the sophomore medal in 1871, and graduated as an anniversarian in 1873—the highest class honor. For a few months subsequent to his graduation he practiced law in a small Georgia town, but opened an office in Jacksonville July 1875. President Hayes appointed Mr. Hartridge a Florida commissioner to the Paris exposition, but although he qualified for the mission he did not go abroad. In his law practice he has been remarkably successful, and his name as a public speaker his reputation is as wide as his state. He is a recognized authority on railroad law in Florida and Georgia, and has appeared for the railroad companies in many important cases. Mrs. Hartridge is the daughter of Francis F. L. Engle of Jacksonville, who is one of the oldest, most highly cultivated and most distinguished in Florida.

The other nominees on the regular ticket are Dr. W. M. Daney, of Jacksonville, and E. D. Plummer, of Mandeville, for the lower house; A. L. Turner, for tax assessor. N. B. BROWARD.

Hon. Benjamin S. Liddon, of Marianna, will be a warrior, of course, of the democratic party, but his ticket is to be increased rather than diminished by the factional fights in the few hundred counties, so very little interest attaches to this portion of the ticket. In fact, the democratic state committee deemed it imprudent to make a canvass on the party line for the supreme court justices, as the two congressional committees to have their speakers cover state issues wherever there was a necessity for urging the voter to do their duty on election day. Both democratic nominees for congress—Hon. S. M. Spofford, in the first district, and Hon. W. C. Jones, in the second—will be confronted with populist opponents; but these cut no figure in the campaign and will poll only a few hundred votes on election day in November.

Contest for Legislators.

All the twenty-five counties elect members of the lower house of the legislature, fifty-eight in all—a tax assessor, a collector, treasurer, members of the school board and some minor officers, such as justices of the peace, etc., and sixteen out of the thirty-two senatorial districts choose senators. It is here that the fight is being made, for the legislature of 1895 is the body which will be able to elect a railroad commission law, except in the four counties in which the party is hopelessly split, a democratic nomination ticket to an election; hence the few county tickets of the populists in the field will have little, if any, effect upon the general result.

Settled by Primaries or Conventions.

The railroad commission matter figured in most of the counties either at the hold-

over of a Lord Mayor.

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JOY IN BALTIMORE.

Nation's Capture of the Pennant Sets the Town Wild.

BALL PLAYERS TO BE BANQUETED

A Committee of Five Hundred Citizens Is Arranging to Properly Celebrate the Return of the Champions.

Baltimore, Md., September 23.—(Special) Baltimore is baseball wild tonight. The local "fans" are unable to contain their joy and their enthusiasm is shared by staid and dignified merchants and business men. Young and old parade the streets wearing badges and buttons of all sorts of designs, in which the colors, black and orange, figure conspicuously. If this craze continues as it has, by Tuesday, when the champions arrive, there will not be a same man, woman or child in the city.

The citizens' committee of 500, which is arranging the reception to the club, is headed by ex-Postmaster W. W. Johnson, the veriest fan in town, and he and his colleagues on the committee have their hands full to attend to all of the business required of them.

The committee's Headquarters at the Carrollton hotel will be open all day tomorrow. They are constantly swarmed with enthusiasts.

The procession which will escort the club from the depot on Tuesday evening to the banquet hall at the Hotel Rennert, promises to be something wonderful. Nearly every band of music in the city will figure in this parade, and scores of amateur baseball and athletic clubs will march in line in full uniform, while many business houses will be represented by their clubs and employees.

The citizens' committee will ride in open broughams and the carriages in which Manager Hanlon and his victorious birds will ride, will be veritable beds of roses. All of the Maryland towns along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad will accord the team a reception as it passes through en route to this city.

Review of the Season.

The baseball season of '94 will be a thing of the past today.

The games today will be the last that will be played until next year, except those for the Temple cup, in which Baltimore and New York will figure.

In many respects the season just closing has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the national game.

For the first time within the history of the game the pennant has been won by a southern team, for Baltimore cannot now be overtaken, and that makes all lovers of the game throughout the south more interested in the sport which is recognized as the pastime in which all Americans take the greatest delight. Then again, the team which wins the pennant was made up of youngsters, thus disabusing the people of the idea that nothing less than a team of stars could pull down the flag.

The Baltimore, or the Orioles, as they delight to call themselves, astonished the lovers of the game before the end of the season came by forging to the front and making a strong bid for the flag. The Boston, a team composed of stars, who had won the flag for two or three consecutive seasons, laughed when they were prodded with a suggestion that the youngsters, untried and amateurish, would pull down the flag, while the New Yorks, led by that veteran star, John Montgomery Ward, would not listen to anything like it. Then, too, the Brooklyn and the Phillies thought such an idea absurd when some of their older admirers intimated that Baltimore might hold on and make a strong bid for the pennant. This was due to the fact that the men composing the teams had begun to look upon themselves as the ball players of the country and were unwilling to admit that a younger date player might stand along and do the same good work or better.

For years Baltimore has been one of the best towns in the baseball world. Once the city was one of the leading members of the American Association, but when the brotherhood had died and the game was back on its feet, Baltimore became one of the two clubs holding a franchise.

Barrie, who is now with Louisville as manager, had for a number of years been at the head of the Baltimore team, but he was never able to make the club high up. Barrie succeeded and was given the management and one of the first things he did was to fire a lot of the players who had been on the Baltimore pay roll for years. Some of these players were great favorites in the Monumental City, and when he was gone the team went down hill.

Then when he put youngsters up, the lovers of the game were made still more dissatisfied, because they thought it took old heads to win the pennant. But it seems that Hanlon knew what he was doing. He played the game of '94 with his young and young men, and when the season was over he was well up on the rope. This year he opened the season with about the same team he had last year, Dan Brouthers being the only notable addition. One team there were, young men too poor to star and stars out of Hanlon got the same work they put up in their younger days.

When the season opened Baltimore was hardly a figure in the race in the eyes of any one except Hanlon and a very few of the old stars.

The year before the season was over, the kids who were trotting with Brouthers, Robinson and Gleason, showed a hand which astonished all. Whether it was Hanlon's management or Robinson's, captaincy of the team, which put the team together, made them work as one man, is not known, but that they did get together and do some of the finest team work seen since the days when Chicago was the pennant winner is a certainty. The men were all dove-tailed and when one man made a play every member of the team took the same interest in it whether the play was clean or not.

And it was this kind of playing that put the Baltimore in the lead and gave the pennant to that city.

Naturally all Baltimore is proud of the distinction which the flag has brought her, and the people have gone wild over the result, and the city officials have taken a hand in the show-off. The open houses have been rented, and the games since the team left home have been given in detail to such crowds that the house has been closed to keep anxious rovers, who came late, from getting in.

The affairs of the league of last season have not been closed up yet, but there is every reason to believe that the Baltimore leave Chicago for home they will be given a special train furnished by the Baltimore and Ohio, and the train will be early decorated.

The disappointment of the season has been the Boston team. That team has been wearing the pennant so long that many thought the Bean-steamers had a few simple title to it. But the team has done nothing good this year, and the season is now over. The New Yorks stand second to the Baltimore. The stand team is made up of players nearly all of whom have been with the club for a year. It was considered an aggregation of stars, and the season a confirmation of what the fans thought.

But they didn't, and the indications are that the Boston triumphants

will be seeking for new and young blood for next year. To the baseball world generally the showing of the Boston has been a disappointment.

New York has been striving for years to secure a pennant-winning team, and John Montgomery Ward, the playing manager of the team, has been giving full flowering will be made. It will be remembered that Manager Atkins was here last winter in charge of Mike Drinberger and John F. Ellis, who succeeded in breaking down the team's records. The pace-makers of the year will be tedium instead of horses, as last year.

THE LOCAL FIELD.

In Judge Westmorland's court yesterday the following fines were imposed: Andrew, \$50 or three months; Tom Ivy, Jim Boudrie, William Holland and Walter Hightower, for gaming, \$50 apiece or six months; Robert Coleman, larceny from the house, \$50 or nine months; Hillard Jones, larceny from the house, \$50 or nine months; Nathaniel Johnson, taking a child boy, larceny from the house, \$50 or three months; W. A. Stockton, larceny from the house, \$50 or nine months; Lewis Leiser, gaming, \$50 or nine months; Perry Avery, gaming, \$50 or nine months; Jim Williams, alias John Minor, larceny from the person, \$50 or nine months.

Mr. Charles Mobley, of West End, while in the city, was shot in the right shoulder by the leading club in the race. On the part of the league the cup was accepted, and Nick Young and C. H. Byrne were named as a committee to stipulate the terms under which the contest should take place. The two gentlemen took charge of the cup, and after due consideration, drafted certain rules, the most important of which are here given:

"The entire receipts of all games to be the sole property of the players under contract to the competing clubs. It is understood that the money will be retained by the players for their own expenses to wit: ticket sellers, ticket takers and other employees they may need; all their own hotel and traveling expenses, advertising, etc.

The dental department of the Medical college will open its doors Tuesday. Dr. Clarence V. Rosser, who is one of the best known and most thorough dentists in Atlanta, is dean of this school. He is the

DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

Tuesday Night Will Bring a Great Demonstration in Atlanta.

SPEECHES BY PROMINENT DEMOCRATS

Colonel Atkinson Will Be Here to Speak
Colonel Livingston Will Speak
for the Party.

Tuesday night will bring to a close the campaign of '94 in the state of Georgia, on that night there will be a grand democratic rally at the Marietta street opera house, in this city.

The speakers will be:

Hon. James F. O'Neill, chairman of the Fulton County Young Men's Democratic League.

Hon. Albert Cox, of this city.

Congressman Livingston, from the fifth Georgia district, and Colonel W. Y. Atkinson, democratic nominee for governor of the state of Georgia.

It goes without saying that the rally will be largely attended, and that the opera house will be filled.

Mr. W. H. Black, president of the Young Men's Democratic League, will preside over the meeting, it being under the auspices of the party.

The young democrats of Fulton have spared no efforts in the work of warming up the local campaign to that pitch called for by the party.

"We have not," said Captain Brother, "put on any rally yet, but we will have a meeting between now and the day of election and we will take some action that will be positive and definite."

Colonel Ham's oratory on the race yesterday. It was Mr. Anderson, and in withdrawing, he says:

"To the increase in business for the past few weeks and prospect of still greater demands upon my time during the great exposition year, I have decided to withdraw from the race in the second ward. Thanking my friends for their warm support and trusting my action now may not be the best for me, am sure."

There was a meeting of the committee of seven of the prohibition club last night. The speakers were: Mr. C. C. Anderson, who met that it would put out a straight ticket for the fight and that it would announce the kind of ticket the committee wanted. The committee simply satisfied itself by adopting a communication, in which it denied that the committee in the ranks of the organization.

"Editor Constitution—In view of the recent publications that have been made as to the work of the committee, we desire that there was division and strife within the ranks of the prohibition club, we, as members of the committee, are prepared to take action on the matter.

Mr. Charles Mobley, of West End, while in the city, was shot in the right shoulder by the leading club in the race.

Mr. Henry L. Francis, one of the best known young business men of the city, who has been connected with Law Brothers for quite a long while, has suffered his connection with them. Hereafter he will be in the East.

The dental department of the Medical college will open its doors Tuesday.

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COL. HAM'S ORATORY

He Swayed a Large Audience at the Democratic Rally Last Night.

HIS HUMOR CAUGHT THE CROWD

And He Proceeded to Buy the People's Party—Colonel G. C. Thomas of Atlanta, also made a speech.

McGee's opera house, was packed with an audience of sterling democrats last night and the principles of Jeffersonian democracy were well received and applauded with spontaneous enthusiasm.

General John E. Gordon, whose eloquent voice has been heard on the stump during the past few weeks, and General C. A. Evans, who has also been a faithful worker during the campaign, were neither able to attend the meeting, but Colonel H. W. H. Ham and Colonel George C. Thomas, two of the best stump speakers in Georgia, were on hand, and, after affirming their allegiance to the democratic banner, they proceeded, in no uncertain terms, to pay their respects to the demands of populism.

A number of the leading members of the Young Men's Democratic League occupied the opera house on the platform.

Mr. W. H. Black, the eloquent and active young president of the league, acted as chairman of the meeting and introduced the speakers of the evening. He predicted that Mr. Atkinson would carry the state by an overwhelming majority.

Colonel Ham on Democracy.

Colonel Ham was greeted with a hearty reception.

"I take this great audience," said he, "as no compliment to myself, but as an evidence of the fact that Atlanta's democracy is still alive and doing business at the old stand. (Applause.) I am glad to look into the faces of so many sterling democrats, and I predict for the standard bearer of our party an overwhelming triumph, and one that will roll up to the tune of 75,000 majority. (Applause.) I thought two years ago the people's party had learned enough of the people's party, and had learned enough to make a strong appeal to the people of this nation, who has labor ed so unselfishly in behalf of the association and whose life since her removal to Atlanta has been such a precious benediction to this city.

Colonel Atkinson, who comes to Atlanta that night to present sound democratic doctrine, will make a strong appeal to the citizens of Atlanta for the grandest rally around the flagstaff of democracy ever before witnessed in this country in any campaign.

The rumor has been widely circulated that Mr. Atkinson is not strong with the democratic voters of this county, and that there are many in this county who will not vote for the straight democratic ticket, for the reason that there is considerable disappointment still prevalent over the nomination of Mr. Atkinson as the democratic party's representative for the place of state.

While there is no truth in this rumor the populist campaigners have been circulating it around for all they could make of it in the coming election.

The rally to take place at the opera house on the night of Tuesday, the 29th, will do much to sustain the party's reputation.

The fact is that the old true blue democracy is sure to win and the county of Fulton is going to roll up the handsomest majority for the party that it has ever yet polled for the rock-ribbed democracy of the Empire State of the South.

THREE DAYS OFF.

The City Election Is Close Upon the Candidates and They Are Hustling.

Next Wednesday Atlanta will be in the throes of two of the most interesting and important elections the city has ever known.

Usually one election at a time is enough but upon that day Atlantians will have the pleasure of indulging in two, the state election and the city primary.

Of course the state election is equally important with that the city has on foot, but the certainty of the result causes it to sink out of sight among the ward politicians who are hunting for snug berths for themselves.

While the sun goes up there will be found in each room in the city two voting places, one for the city, the other for the state.

The boxes will not be far apart and when the voter goes out to cast a vote for one ticket he will have no trouble in moving to the box where the other ticket can be deposited. For the state election the ballot boxes will be located at the points where Atlantians have been in the habit of going for years to vote, the wards of the city.

At the primaries the republican ticket, the democratic ticket will find the weight of dainties, embowered in flora decorations, and illuminated by the smiles of fair womanhood.

When all were seated, or as many as the dining room could well accommodate, Mrs. Kight, who had been invited to express the sentiment of the occasion and interpret the meaning of the scene which had drawn so many of the friends of Mrs. Barrett together. It was a neat speech as complimentary to Mrs. Barrett, in the words of which inspired it as was graceful to Mrs. Kight in the manner and style of its delivery.

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"While the sun goes up there will be found in each room in the city two voting places, one for the city, the other for the state.

The boxes will not be far apart and when the voter goes out to cast a vote for one ticket he will have no trouble in moving to the box where the other ticket can be deposited. For the state election the ballot boxes will be located at the points where Atlantians have been in the habit of going for years to vote, the wards of the city.

ORATORY
Audience at the
Last Night.

BAUGHT THE CROWD
to Bury the People's
G. C. Thomas, of Ath-
-ma-Speach.

was packed with an-
democrats last night
of Jeffersonian democ-
and applauded with
Gordon, whose eloquent
on the stump so often
weeks, and General C. S.
also been a faithful
campaign, were neither
meeting, but Col. H. G.
George C. Thomas, mem-
speakers in Georgia,
after affirming their
democratic banner, they
in certain terms, to pay
demands of populism,
leading members of the
League occupied

the eloquent and ac-
of the league, acted
meeting and introduced
Gordon, whose eloquent
majority.

on Democracy.

greeted with a hearty

audience," said he, "as

myself, but as an evi-
Atlanta's democracy

business at the old

I am glad to look into

any standard democrat,

standard bearer of our

triumph of 75,000 ma-

I thought two years

had learned enough
of the people's party

we will not squander

them or throw away

we will tell them to

on the back porch for

their laughter.)

people's party to the

entire away from home,

its substance in riot-

chamberlain in a hog

the hog. But we

will not squander

them or throw away

we will tell them to

on the back porch for

their laughter.)

to Judge Hines and

the speaker went on to say

was boiled down

enough salve of pure

to put on the cor-

lungs. His friend

the grasshoppers appeared

at the same time and

the grasshoppers

(laugh).

the reverence entertained

for Tom Watson

old fellow thought

ten commandments

the old fellow de-

believe that Jay Gould

never saw anything

Watson's paper. (Laugh-

vention which was held

the people's party was

the convention said Col-

lins' party for

and panics which God

upon the country and

the earth could have

pre-

platform adopted by the

used it, plain by plain,

the element of the audience,

to the Australian bal-

pared it to a sausages

he said, "he was the

old fellow said he had

no criticism to make

on a personal basis. He

was a thorough gentle-

gentleman and consist-

ent and could not

you want," said Col-

lins. "The speaker

never came to tell you

to be elected this year."

Judge Hines

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the return of the con-

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Published Daily, Sunday, Weekly.

The Daily, per year \$1.00
 The Sunday (20 to 35 pages) 2.00
 The Daily and Sunday, per year 3.00
 The Weekly, per year 1.00
 Advertising rates on application and address
 At these reduced rates all subscriptions
 must be paid in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles.
 We do not undertake to return rejected
 MSS., and do not go under no circumstances unless accompanied by return post-

age.

Where to Find The Constitution.

The Constitution can be found on sale as follows:
 WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.
 BIRMINGHAM—The Brew & Bro.
 CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 123 Vine St.
 NEW YORK—Brentano's, 124 Fifth Avenue;
 CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 21 Adams
 street; Great Northern hotel; Mc-
 Donald & Co., 15 Washington St.
 MANHATTAN CITY—A. A. & S. Main St.
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12 CENTS PER WEEK
 For The Daily Constitution, or 50 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or 40 cents per calendar month; delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name and address to the carriers. We have regular collectors.

24 PAGES.
 ATLANTA, GA., September 30, 1894.

A Sunday Morning Sermon.
 "Five boys under eight years of age are confined in the city stockade tonight. They will spend the Sabbath within this enclosure."

Such was the message received from Superintendent Vining last night, and The Constitution offers it as a text to the Christian people of Atlanta this morning.

While our churches today are filled with zealous congregations, anxious to prove their fidelity to their faith, five infant children are rotting in the prison, not of Timbuctoo, but of Atlanta! While concern is expressed for the heathen in China or in Congoland, we have here at our doors, locked up within prison walls, legal babes, to catch whom, if they escape, trained dogs are kept in readiness!

Think of it!

The city is filled with Sunday schools. Bright-faced children will troop to them from every square in the city. With clean faces and neatly fitting dresses they will be objects of pride, not only to their parents, but to all who look upon them. But there are five children who will not be there; who must pass this Sunday morning, which should speak of joy and salvation to all, within prison walls, where curses are the only prayers that will greet their ears, and the shrieks of the debased will be the only music they will hear!

And all this in Atlanta! Right at the very moment that our people are gathered together in their churches!

Surely this state of affairs will not be permitted to last. There are mothers grieving over lost children who would give their heart's blood to have them restored. There are children tossed about in a delirium of ignorance and want of control; they are at the mercy of every evil influence, and they know neither the love of mother, the kindness of man, nor the promises of the gospel. They are sun-tossed and in prison. Shall they continue on to the gallows, or shall such as they be saved?

How long shall we continue to thus treat our unfortunate children?

The Beginning.

The statement that the big new mill of the Massachusetts Cotton Company is to be built in Georgia instead of South Carolina, and the further information that it is to be built somewhere between Rome and Macon ought to be very satisfactory to the people of this immediate section. "Between Rome and Macon" is a somewhat indefinite phrase, but it is full of meaning for Atlanta, for it means that this city will reap at least a portion of the benefits that the building of this new mill will confer on the neighborhood that is fortunate enough to be its site.

It seems to be settled that the new mill will be built in the Piedmont region, of which Atlanta is the commercial capital; and as the company that is to establish it has recently increased its capital to \$2,000,000, the plant is likely to be a large one.

While the new mill will confer great benefits on this section in various ways, the fact that it is to be built here by old and experienced mill men from the center of eastern manufacture is by far the most significant and important feature of the venture. It is a sign that the manufacturers of New England are at last beginning to realize the fact that the east, remote as it is from the cotton fields, cannot compete with the natural advantages which well managed mills enjoy in the south. Southern mills, managed by inexperienced, but intelligent men, have succeeded, and this fact of itself shows that the south is destined to become in the course of a comparatively few years the greatest cotton manufacturing region of the world.

This matter has been argued by various people in various ways, but it has never seemed to me to admit of an argument. An average advantage of a cent on every pound of cotton is something that the statisticians cannot dispose of. It is a fact that sticks out and controls. The new mill can hardly be described as an experiment, though it may seem so from a New England point of view. It is merely the beginning of the

gradual transfer of the cotton manufacturing industry of the north and east to the Piedmont region of the south.

Vote the Democratic Ticket.

We have thus far failed to see a single sound and substantial reason why men who have heretofore supported the democratic party because they believed in its principles should turn their backs on the organization now. We do not believe there is an intelligent voter in the state who can truthfully say that any argument advanced by the populists is worth considering when placed side by side with the overwhelming importance of democratic unity and harmony—the unity and harmony that are absolutely essential to the success of the reforms which the people have at heart.

When we hold our coming primary it is to be hoped that every good citizen will cast his vote for the bonds which the county commissioners propose to issue for the purpose of building a jail that will be worthy of Fulton county.

The present unhealthy and badly ventilated jail in which our prisoners are confined menaces the health of the entire community. It is a breeding place for epidemics, and moreover the place is so insecure that extra guards have to be employed to keep the inmates from breaking out.

Let it down and build another. Fulton county is able to build a decent jail, and the great majority of our people are in favor of it. Every grand jury recommends it, and unless we take action in the matter it will soon become a public scandal.

An Untimely Communication.

We publish elsewhere a communication from Mr. John Temple Graves concerning the state election, and in doing so we wish to state that we consider the card unnecessary, untimely and unjustified. If Mr. Graves is a democrat, and he writes as such, his duty at this hour should be to strengthen the closing phalanxes of the party for Wednesday's battle instead of precipitating unnecessary confusion in ranks that should be united and harmonious.

We can see no possible good in Mr. Graves's communication at this time, and we publish it simply because Mr. Graves, or any other man, has a right to be heard, and insisting upon that right The Constitution cannot, of course, let its columns against him or any one who feels that he has a grievance.

A more enthusiastic and harmonious convention never assembled in Georgia than that of the democratic party which nominated Mr. Atkinson for governor last August. There was nothing done in that convention which should not meet the approval and support of every genuine democrat in Georgia.

From the moment that the convention acted it was the duty of every democrat to turn his face to the front and enlist in the fight for the party, and it is now the duty of every democrat to stand by the party and its nominees with such determination as to insure another rousing democratic majority for Georgia.

We confess that we cannot see the object of Mr. Graves's card. He does not write as a populist, does not advocate anybody voting the populist ticket, but simply sounds a distracting toot in the ranks of the party to which he belongs just on the eve of its entrance into battle.

As a card writer Mr. Graves writes interestingly, but he displays remarkably poor judgment in the timeliness of his communications. This is not the time for bickering and for strife, for crimination and recrimination, for accusations against party leaders, or for the airing of imaginary grievances. It is the time for work, and every democrat ought to be at it.

In the meantime we trust that our ordinarily amiable and eloquent friend will soon fully regain his democratic temper and be restored to the full possession of his political equilibrium.

Japan and China.

The struggle between Japan and China is a contest between civilization and semi-barbarism—between the nineteenth century and the middle ages.

About forty years ago Commodore Perry negotiated a treaty with Japan which resulted in Christianizing and civilizing that country. The Japanese carried their newly adopted ideas into Corea, and in a short time brought her people into contact with western civilization. The Chinese, however, disputed the ascendancy of the Japanese, and tacitly agreed to give Russia a coaling station on the northern coast of Corea. This was in direct opposition to the interests of England, and it was soon understood that when the long-expected conflict between that country and Russia should come about, England would not hesitate to seize the Russian seaport in Corea. This would, of course, make the Japan sea a battlefield for the rival powers and their allies, and Japan and Corea would be the sufferers.

The Japanese statesmen believe that their cotton is worth only 6 cents a pound because there is no demand for it. But what's the matter with the demand? Have the people of the world held a caucus and concluded to return to the flea bed that Uncle Adam made famous?

The population of the world has about kept with the production of cotton. Why has the demand fallen off so that the staple fetches only 5 cents a pound on the market? What has paralyzed the demand? Nothing but the abolition of the money metal that formerly provided the people with more than half of their primary money.

Editor Goldkin, of The New York Evening Post, is having a stormy time with himself over Hill's nomination.

Even The New York Times concedes that Senator Hill is a powerful man in a political scuffle.

Democrats all over the earth will thank heaven for the mawngwop opposition to Hill that is developing in New York.

We continue to feel that if the supply of land had not increased so enormously during the past few years the demand for it would have kept the price up. Isn't this about the size and shape of the bushwhack arguments that are spread out before the public daily?

The known argument in favor of expanding the volume of primary money occurs when the farmer unleashes his cotton at the door of the warehouse and looks at the size of his pile—at the "usurfract"—at the lack of scale—at the extent of his wages.

An Old Sleuth.

From Puck.

Policeman—This is the nayor, yer honer,

as sthole thim shoes from Fingan's Justice—Were the shoes in his possession?

Policeman—No, sor.

Justice—What's the evidence, then?

Policeman—Whin I run down the strate ayin "Stop that!" Be shopped at wantz an' looked back.

from generation to generation. Its principles are immutable because they are the foundation on which popular government rests—the basis of civil and political liberty.

Such reformers always have enemies, and before Li Hung Chang reached middle age a strong faction was organized against him. Even some of the members of the royal family, who hoped in time to reach the throne, conspired for his overthrow. His recent degradation by the emperor is not surprising. He was at least a century in advance of his countrymen, and he has met the fate of other great men who have been too far ahead of their people and their age. There are 400,000,000 Chinese, but only one Li Hung Chang. Doubtless his entire following would not number more than a few thousand. So at a critical period he is sacrificed, because the military and naval resources of his country are not equal to those of Japan. And yet it is a well-known fact that for twenty-five years he has devoted all of his energies to equipping China for the conflict which he saw was inevitable. If he had been supported by the government and the people, China would have been able to dispose of Japan without

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

By the Fire-side.

Pile on the logs! the bright flames start
 And up the roaring chimney race;
 How grateful should we be, sweetheart,
 For just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor—

And poor in some things I may be;

But here's a shelter: who needs more?

And your bright eyes to beam for me!

No sculptured bust, no paintings rare
 Adorn the mantel and the shelf;

A sweet face framed in golden hair
 Is all—a picture of you!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

ances of western civilization in China, and it was due to his practical judgment and foresight that the first railroads were constructed.

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GEORGIA POLITICAL NOTES.

Hon. H. W. J. Ham, who has been speaking in middle Georgia, says of the outlook for democracy:

"They have all made up their minds that the time is to end democracy, and is going that way all over there. I was in Burke county last week, at Waynesboro, and I told the people there that they had to be democratic, and that they had to be good. They said, 'How can we be good? We are not good.' I said, 'You are not good because you are not provided with the indigent classes, which in many cases, would be found hard to do. Most people who get down far enough to be helped commonly prefer that to helping themselves.'

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THE CITY'S CLAIMS

WILD NIGHT RIDE.

Are Established and Important Railway
Terminals Are Taken.

THE CENTRAL'S RIGHT OF WAY

All Roads Entering the Union Pass-
enger Depot on City Lands.

MR. FULTON COVILLE DISCOVERS IT

What Evolves Out of an Investigation of
Old Land Grants-The City Owns Desirable Railway Lands.

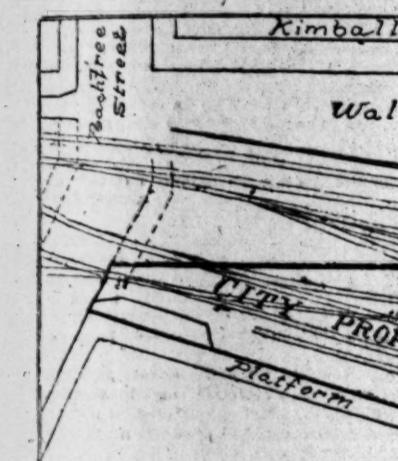
The more the state of Georgia investi-
gates the old land claims bearing upon the
railroad terminals in the city of Atlanta,
the more sensational grows the story.

Sometime ago it was told in The Constitution how the state, through the skillful
work of Colonel W. A. Wimbley, special attorney for the state road, the Western and
Atlantic, had established the claim that the
Central railroad enters the heart of Atlanta and plows its way into the union
passenger depot on the right of way of the
Western and Atlantic, and how, by some
agreement with the Central, the
Georgia Pacific have been running into
the union passenger depot for several years
on this right of way.

A sensation now turns up in the fact that
the city of Atlanta owns all of the impor-
tant property between Whitehall and Pryor
streets that is used by all the roads, ex-
cept the Western and Atlantic in making
way into the union depot.

The claim seems to be well established
and the discovery will add many complica-
tions to the situation already made cloudy
for the railroads by the investigations of
the state's special attorney to look after
the right of way of the Western and At-
lantic railroad.

The city has been ignorant of her pos-
sessions for many years, and the state has
claimed much that has not belonged to it.



The state has been exercising the right of
ownership for nearly thirty years of the
very property that the city now steps in
and lays claim to, and the special attorney
for the state acknowledges that the land
is the property of the city of Atlanta.

The Discovery Made.

The discovery grew out of an investiga-
tion that has been made by Mr. Fulton Coville, assistant city
attorney. There was an argument
of the claims before the railroad
committee of the city council late Friday
afternoon and the outcome is that the city's
claim has been established to all that land
used by the railroads entering the union
passenger depot between Whitehall and
Pryor streets.

Mr. Coville, who unraveled the problem
to the profit of the city and the surprise of
everybody who had fallen into the idea that
the state owned all the railroad terminals
entering the union depot, was talking about
the history of the claim yesterday.

What Mr. Coville Says.

The city bought all the property," said
Mr. Coville, "from the Macon and Western
railroad. It was originally the land of Rich
and Peters, and was known in the olden
times as the Dick Peter's lot. The tract
embraced all lands from the corner of
Alabama street north, along the line touch-
ing the depot, to where the Central rail-
road enters the depot, thence in a straight
line to the corner of Whitehall street and
Day's fish market, thence up Whitehall to
Alabama, thence down Alabama to Pryor
street, excepting all that tract lying be-
tween the alley by the Merchants' bank and
Whitehall, as well as a strip lying on the
eastern side of Pryor, where the Jackson
building now stands.

"It will be seen from this that the city of
Atlanta owns all of the triangular strip
upon which all roads entering the depot
from Whitehall street, except two tracks
of the Western and Atlantic and the Can-
t. This triangle is shown by the accom-
panying map.

The state claims that the right of way
of the Western and Atlantic is 109 feet wide,
and takes in Wall street up to and includ-
ing a part of the sidewalk by the Kimball
house and threatens to occupy the same
with tracks if the city does not give her the
sole and exclusive right, use the triangle
upon every road using these tracks
to enter the union depot."

The matter is now before the city. Col-
onel W. A. Wimbley, special counsel for
the state, appeared before the railroad com-
mittee of the council and argued the side
of the state. Mr. Fulton Coville appeared
for the defendant.

Of course there was a legal battle
and as soon as
from the smoke
to be fought in
it will be seen
in the calendar. The
two years hence
as the controlling
republican party in
and there will be
struggle over the
one who is to be
elected.

Mr. Wimbley wants the city council to
grant to the state the sole right to the
triangle, for ever, in consideration of
the state allowing the city the right to use
Wall street.

Mr. Coville says: "It might be well to
give the state the right to use this land
as it has been doing, along with the other
roads, free of charge, but it is not right
for the city to surrender it. It's too valuable.
So long as the city holds it she will
hold the key to the gates of the union pas-
senger depot and can dictate terms to every
road entering, but to surrender would leave
her helpless, as she has been heretofore.
It can be made if desired a source of great
revenue."

The committee adjourned to sit again
before reporting to council.

Mother—And what did you do when he
kissed you? I hope you showed him you
were angry and indignant.
Daughter—Yes, indeed. I was up in
arms at once.

The car was not damaged very much.
It was coupled to it later on and it was
carried to the station.

The Fearful Work of a Runaway Elec-
tric Car Last Evening.

SEVERAL PASSENGERS SEVERELY INJURED
Was a Narrow Escape, and Many Thought
That They Would Be Killed—Caus-
ed by a Broken Brake.

An open switch, a rotten rope and a broken
brake on car No. 129, of the Consolidated
street railway, at 8 o'clock last evening
caused near causing a serious loss of life.

By lucky chance no one was killed. The
injury was:

MRS. A. MEANE,
MOTORMAN M. A. PITTS,
CONDUCTOR W. G. FLANAGAN,
MISS LUCILLE MEANS,
MOLLIE ROWE, colored.

It was a wild, reckless ride, and a narrow
escape. Men looked on, paralyzed with
horror. Passengers held their breath in
feverish fear, expecting every moment to be
dashed into eternity. Men yelled and
women screamed. A large crowd surged
about the place and it was a long time be-
fore it dispersed and the excitement waned.

It was 8 o'clock when the car coming in
from Edgewood avenue left the corner of
Broad and Marietta for West End. The
regarded numbered nearly twenty passengers
and most of them were bound for their
residences along Whitehall street, which
course the car was to take. Crossing
Broad street bridge the car went at a
rapid speed. For some reason, at
the corner of Broad and Alabama the
switch was turned wrong, and instead of
keeping the regular route down Broad and
into Hunter, the car was suddenly jerked into
Alabama and got a good start down
grade.

The motorman shut off the current quickly
and applied the brakes. The car did not
stop. He twisted the brake handle again
and was startled to see that it would not
work. The car gained speed, and by this
time the passengers began to realize that
it was running away. Then the trolley
jumped the wire. The conductor grabbed
the rope and was trying to swing it back
in place again when it snapped. By this
time it had reached the Whitehall cross-



JUDGE BLECKLEY AND HIS BABY.

(From a Photograph Recently Taken by Motes)

Here Innocence smiles sweet from Wisdom's breast;
Here Learning to an Infant's will doth bow;
For lo! here Love hath laid the loveliest
Of all the laurels on the statesman's brow!

—Frank L. Stanton.

IS GRESS ELIGIBLE?

A Lively Question Raised in the Mu-
nicipal Race.

MR. GRESS IS POSTMASTER AT CRAMER

It Is Held That Resignation Will Not
Relieve Him—A Lawyer Quotes
the Law.

The question that has been raised touch-
ing the citizenship of Mr. Gress and his
competence for election as a member of
the council from the sixteenth ward in the
approaching election has developed into a
large-sized sensation in political circles
throughout the city. The fact that Mr.
Gress wrote a letter to the sheriff, claiming
exemption from jury duty, upon
giving the reason that he is a postmaster,
and that this position is his only one, has
been the greater portion of his time, has
been very generally commented on
throughout the city, until that which
was developed into a small political cyclone
before the election is over.

A well-known attorney said yesterday:
"This question is one deserving the most
serious consideration. If the principle were to
seat Mr. Gress in the city council the question
of his legal qualification for the office
becomes one of the greatest moment. If it
is true that his legal citizenship is at Cramer,
he is a citizen of that town, and therefore
he may own a residence there. That
he is postmaster at Cramer Mr. Gress does
not deny. The United States Revised Statutes,
section 333, declare that 'every post-
master shall reside within the delivery for
which he is appointed.' In order to obtain
this appointment the applicant must state
that his residence is at the place where he
seeks the appointment. The law in express-
es that the postmaster should reside in the
place where he holds his office. If he is a
citizen of that town, he should be a
postmaster there. If he is not a citizen of
Atlanta, I cannot support him. The
interests of our taxpayers are
great, and the good name of the city of
Atlanta are too dear to us to be jeopardized
by electing a man of even questionable
eligibility. I hope that the people of Atlanta
will give this matter the most serious considera-
tion. While under other circumstances Mr.
Gress would be worthy of, and I dare say
deserving of, a position in the city council for
any office within their gift, we cannot afford
in this important year, with the great
expansion of our trade, our government and
all we possess must pass in review before
the throngs of the people that will undoubtedly
turn out to vote. I hope that the people of Atlanta
will elect a man to this important office who is
competent, by reason of citizenship and de-
barred by law from holding the office."

"Suppose, then, that through misappre-
hension or misunderstanding of the law
Mr. Gress should be elected to council,
his election would be void, every act of
his as such would be void, every approach
and with illegality, every tax levy would be
void to the extent of his vote, if indeed it
did not void it all. If he is elected, then, I
would say, he would run through and perme-
ate every ordinance, every measure, every
resolution that the council might adopt.

"I do not think that he would be voided
by the effect of such an illegal election.

"I honor Mr. Gress for his public spirit
and enterprise, a valuable citizen that he
is, but he has any good, if I were a
citizen of that fortuitous village, I would
not support him. He is a citizen of Atlanta,
I cannot support him. He is a citizen of Atlanta,
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"But there is another, and perhaps more
important, view of this matter than that
is stated. Mr. Gress is incompetent to
hold the office of councilman because he is
a postmaster.

"Section 388, postal laws and regulations,
is made up of an executive order under date
January 17, 1873, and is incorporated with
the statute, excepting him from jury duty.
In this he is mistaken. Section 60, of postal
laws and regulations, notes to the
question as to the law of residence of
Mr. Gress. By his own declaration, by law,
by the fact that he is exempt from jury
duty in Fulton county his residence is at
Cramer, Wilcox county, Georgia. It can
make no material difference that Mr. Gress
owns a house in this city. The statute un-
der which he holds his appointment de-
clares his residence at Cramer, and Mr. Gress
himself declares he is a citizen of Cramer and
avoids jury duty in Fulton county upon
count, upon that ground. In his state-
ment Friday afternoon Mr. Gress says that
it is true that his legal citizenship is at Cramer,
but that he has any good, if I were a
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"No law of the United States exempts
postmasters from jury duty, from
obligation to appear in court, from
handcuffs. Despite these appearances, upon
the showing made the jury found a verdict
in his favor.

FIVE FIRE ALARMS.

The Department Was Kept Busy
terday with Small Blazes.

The fire department had five runs yester-
day and the entire loss was not more than
\$10. One of the blazes was a small
one in a house on Peachtree street. The
fire was in a closet at 83 Windsor street and
was quickly extinguished. Less than an
hour afterward there was another alarm
from a house on Peachtree street and the
house was in a different part.

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the
blaze was in a closet at 83 Windsor street and
the alarm was given. The damage was
light. About 6 o'clock there was another alarm
from a house on Peachtree street and the
house was in a different part.

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HELP WANTED—Male.

WANTED—A traveling salesman. If suitable other car will be taken in the business. Address D. B. Dix, Atlanta.

WANTED—Salesmen. We want an active salesman in every county in the United States. Success assured \$100 per month and expenses. A. H. Graham & Co., 26 Davis building, Dayton, O.

WANTED—A first-class building and loan agent to travel and organize branches in Georgia; liberal arrangements made to good man. Permanent position. The Cotton Building, Building and Loan Association, 26 Wall street.

WANTED FOR 1895—Several first-class hat salesman for southern territory with well-established, first-class trade; none but first-class men wanted. Must know how to actively engage in hat line. No attention to business in other lines. Best of references required; reasons for contemplated change. Address Achievement, Constitution.

COOKS, nurses, chambermaids, waiters, butlers, drivers, porters, firemen, etc. furnished Atlanta Employment Agency, 19 Peachtree St. Telephone 1081.

WANTED—Salesmen in the south with some experience in the tailoring business to sell for popular and well-known firms. Address Moseley Bros., 126 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED FOR SPECIAL newspaper—Any one capable of writing either sex, over 1,000 words and magazines on our list. Address with stamp, Inter-state Press Association, Indianapolis, Ind.

50¢ PER 1,000 copy cash for distributing circulars; enclose 4¢, U. S. Distributing Bureau, Chicago.

SALESMEN and Agents to handle fast selling puzzle "Coom in the hole." Must be good. Address J. C. Marshall & Co., R. R. 44, Van Buren, Chicago.

WANTED—A man who can do piping and blacksmithing. Fulton Bag and Cotton Mill, 127 Peachtree St.

WANTED—A few persons in each place to do writing. Send stamp for 150 page book for particular. J. Woodbury, 127 W. Forty-second street, New York City.

WANTED—A first-class carriage blacksmith. John M. Smith, 122 Wheat street.

WANTED—Licensed druggist, acquainted with all Atlanta physicians and well known to the public. Address Salol, care Constitution.

WANTED—Bright men and women, every where to solicit orders in our new line of work. \$7 to \$12 per day. Mrs. E. L. T. Tamm, 22-24 Walton street, 10th sun. Address second-hand two-horse wagons, 28-31 Fri-sun.

WANTED—Patent-right salesman to canvass state and other rights for a new article; patent new. Address W. H. Box 555, Augusta, Ga.

WE WILL STAND YOU TO PLEASANT, profitable business at home; no capital, goods, or expenses. Address, other than 28-31 Fri-sun.

CE—A first-class painter trained to hunt pictures. Address, stating age and Beach, Columbia, Ala. Sept 28-31.

richton's EGE and ORTHAND G.

graduates in positions. S placed in positions last

leading business men.

ESSE completed in three PENMEN in faculty.

WANTED—Typewriter, salesmen and operator in General Agency. Must be a good sales man, salary and experience, references required. Address Typewriter, care Constitution.

WANTED—Two or three, rating good building and loan agents. Quantitative sales to banks, furnishing satisfactory references. Address 203, Atlanta, Ga.

COMPETENT STENOGRAPHER, owing typewriter, would like employment for mornings at moderate pay. Address M. T. P. Box 25.

WANTED—Agents for real estate business temporarily; give age and reference. Address Cave, this office.

15¢ PER 1,000 cash paid. Good men wanted in every town, district, sun, in every state, with privilege to be very stable if desired. For address, call at once to Cubbage & Co., 100 Peachtree St.

WANTED—A sparsely situated, has count and complete cigar room; fine opening for address. Address Opportunity.

Interest in a light, clean some particulars. Address

a drug store in Atlanta; stand wanted. Address

WANTED—To take charge of a real estate office in Florida. 28 Peachtree street.

WANTED—Several more first-class canaries, men who are unemployed or not satisfied with their present position will profit by writing us. Address or call on C. H. Higgins & Co., No. 7 South Broad street, 12-15 sun.

WANTED—One or two industrious traveling salesmen, with experience, to sell an absolutely reliable line of lubricants, etc. to dealers in every state. Address or call on C. H. Higgins & Co., No. 7 South Broad street, 12-15 sun.

WANTED—One or two, with experience, to take charge of our celebrated mackintoshes; a good good thing for somebody; who is not satisfied with their present position will profit by writing us. The A. C. Cattell Company, manufacturers, Cincinnati, O. 28-31 sun.

WANTED—Agents to solicit subscribers to "Growth of a Soul." Address Mrs. Maria J. Washington, Roswell, Ga.

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BELOW SIX CENTS.

October and November Deliveries are forced below the six cent mark.

SPOT COTTON LOWERS FORMER RECORDS

The Grangers Were Attacked Yesterday and All Sell Lower, C. B. & Q. Leads. Wheat Closed About 5-82 Higher.

NEW YORK, September 29.—The Industrialists were again the feature of the railway and miscellaneous share lists, American Sugar and Chicago Gas being the leaders. The market was down for the entire list of 1,200 shares. Sugar was forced down 2 per cent to 88%, and later rallied to 89 1/2@89 1/2. The weakness of the stock was due to the reported unsatisfactory condition of the sugar industry. Chicago Gas presented a strong case for the market, the statements that the regular dividend of 1 1/4 per cent for the quarter will be announced either today or Monday. The shorts were alarmed at one time because the hour of stock was to be decided in the afternoon, and ordered their brokers to call it in. As a result the stock commanded a premium of 1-32 per cent per diem, and a number of smaller bears ran to cover. Distilling and Cattle Feeding declined from 88 1/2 to 87 1/2. It is reported that the directors will meet next week, after which a call for a meeting of the stockholders may be looked for. At this meeting the subject of the market and condition of the property will be broached. The bears are still active, however, in the Grangers, but the turn in events in Chicago Gas finally put an end to the raids. Still they succeeded in forcing down Burlington and Quincy to 72 1/2. St. Paul to 63 1/2 and Northwest to 102%. The volume of business, however, was not great. The close a steady decline prevailed. The net change shows decline of 4% to 4% per cent. Sugar leading. Chicago Gas advanced 1%, Manhattan 3% and Louisville and Nashville 3%. In the inactive stocks, Louisville and Memphis and Chicago peaked 1% to 4%.

The bond market was weak. Treasury balances: Coin, \$75,675,000; currency, \$62,771,000.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent; prime mortgaged 4 1/2@4 1/2 per cent.

Sterling exchange steady, with actual losses in bankers' bills at 45 1/2@45 1/2 for demand; posted rates, 48 1/2@48 1/2; commercial bills, 45 1/2@45 1/2.

Mexican dollars, 82.

Government bonds, steady.

Railroad bonds, weak.

Silver at the board, 63¢ bid.

The following are closing prices:

C. & P. C. 142 1/2

Mobile & Ohio 142

Sugar Refinery 89

Nash. Coal. & St. L. 85

do. preferred 95

do. 95

do. 105

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